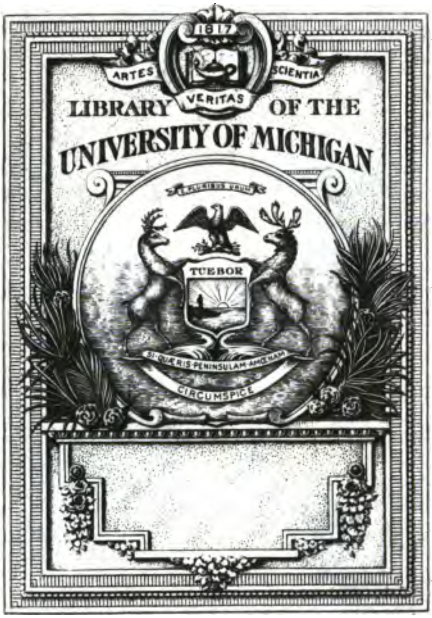

IRVING·KANE·POND
HIS BOOK


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON,

PROFESSOR OF SHAKESPEARE IN BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XV.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY GINN & HEATH.

1881.

GINN & HEATH:
J. S. CUSHING, PRINTER, 16 HAWLEY STREET,
BOSTON.

KING LEAR.

FIRST heard of through an entry at the Stationers', dated November 26, 1607, and reading as follows: "A book called Mr. William Shakespeare's History of King Lear, as it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bankside." This ascertains the play to have been acted on the 26th of December, 1606. Most likely the play had become favourably known on the public stage before it was called for at the Court. On the other hand, it contains divers names and allusions evidently borrowed from Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, which appeared in 1603. This is all the positive information we have as to the date of the writing.

There are, however, several passages in the play itself, referring, apparently, to contemporary events, and thus indicating still more nearly the time of the composition. Of these it seems hardly worth the while to note more than one. In Act I., scene 2, Gloster says, "These late eclipses in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects." A great eclipse of the Sun took place in October, 1605, and had been looked forward to with dread as portending evil; the more so, because an eclipse of the Moon occurred within the space of a month previous. And John Harvey had, in 1588, published a book wherein, with "the wisdom of nature," he had reasoned against the common belief, that such natural events were ominous of disaster, or had any moral significance whatever. To all which, add that in November, 1605, the dreadful secret of the Gunpowder Plot came to light, so that one at all superstitiously inclined might well say that "nature finds itself

scourged by the sequent effects," and that "machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves": putting all this together, we have ample ground for inferring the play to have been written when those events were fresh in the public mind. This of course brings down the date of composition at least to near the close of the year 1605.

The tragedy was printed at least twice, some editors say three times, in the year 1608, the form being in each case a small quarto. It also reappeared, along with the other plays, in the folio of 1623. Considerable portions of the play, as given in the quartos, are omitted in the folio; in particular one whole scene, the third in Act iv., which, though perhaps of no great account on the stage, is, in the reading, one of the sweetest and loveliest in all Shakespeare. This naturally infers the folio to have been printed from a playhouse copy in which the play had been cut down, to abridge the time of performance. — I must add that the play has several passages which were most certainly not written by Shakespeare. Two of these have considerable length, one including seventeen lines, the other fourteen. By whom they were written, and why they were inserted, it were probably vain to speculate. All such interpolations, so far as I am clear about them, are here distinguished by having asterisks set before the lines.

The story of King Lear and his three daughters is one of those old legends with which Mediæval Romance peopled the "dark backward and abysm of time," where fact and fancy appear all of one colour and texture. In Shakespeare's time, the legendary tale which furnished the main plot of this drama was largely interwoven with the popular literature of Europe. It is met with in various forms and under various names. The oldest extant version of it, in connection with British history, is in Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh monk of the twelfth century, who translated it from the ancient British tongue into Latin. From thence it was abridged by the Poet's favourite chronicler, Holinshed. I give a condensed statement of the Holinshed version.

Leir, the son of Baldud, was admitted ruler over the Britons in the year of the world 3105. He was a prince of right-noble

demeanour, governing his land and subjects in great wealth. He had three daughters, named Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordilla, whom he greatly loved, but the youngest, Cordilla, far above the two elder. When he was come to great age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters, and to prefer her whom he best loved to the succession. Therefore he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him. She, calling her gods to witness, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear to her. Being well pleased with this answer, he demanded of the second how well she loved him. She answered, confirming her saying with great oaths, that she loved him more than tongue could express, and far above all other creatures in the world. Then he called Cordilla before him, and asked what account she made of him. She answered as follows: "Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal which you have always borne towards me, I protest that I have loved you ever, and while I live shall love you, as my natural father; and, if you would understand more of the love I bear you, assure yourself that so much as you are worth, so much I love you, and no more."

The father, being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest, the one to the Duke of Cornwall named Henninus, the other to the Duke of Albania called Maglanus; and willed that his land should be divided betwixt them after his death, and that one-half thereof should be immediately assigned to them; but for Cordilla he reserved nothing. Yet it happened that one of the Princes of Gallia whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beauty, womanhood, and good dispositions of Cordilla, desired her in marriage; to whom answer was made that he might have her, but could have no dower, for all was promised to her sisters. Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer, took her for wife, only moved thereto by respect for her person and amiable virtues.

After Leir was fallen into age, the Dukes that had married his two elder daughters rose against him in arms, and reft from him the government of the land. He was put to his portion, that is, to live after a rate assigned to him, which in process of time was diminished. But his greatest grief was from the un-

kindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that what their father had was too much, the same being ever so little. Going from the one to the other, he was brought to such misery, that in the end he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, to seek some comfort of Cordilla, whom before he hated. The lady, hearing he was arrived in poor estate, first sent him privily a sum of money, to apparel himself withal, and to retain a number of servants that might attend upon him. She then appointed him to come to the Court; which he did, and was so honourably and lovingly received, that his heart was greatly comforted: for he was no less honoured than if he had been king of the whole country. Aganippus also caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and a great navy of ships to be rigged, to pass over into Britain with his father-in-law. When this army and navy were ready, Leir and his daughter, with her husband, took the sea, and, arriving in Britain, fought with their enemies, and discomfitted them in battle, Maglanus and Henninus being slain. Leir was then restored to his kingdom, which he ruled for the space of two years after this, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign.

The same story, with certain variations, is told briefly by Spenser in *The Faerie Queene*, book ii., canto 10; also, at much more length, in a versified form written by John Higgins, and published in *The Mirror for Magistrates;* also in an old ballad, printed in Percy's *Reliques:* but this latter was probably subsequent to the tragedy, and partly founded upon it. It appears, also, by an entry at the Stationers', dated May 14, 1594, that there was an older play on the same subject. Finally, a play, entitled "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters," was entered at the Stationers', May 8, 1605, and published. Possibly this may have been another play than that heard of in 1594, but probably it was the same. Be this as it may, the piece is a wretched thing, and cannot be supposed to have contributed any thing towards Shakespeare's tragedy, unless it may have suggested to him the theme.

Thus much as to what the Poet had before him for the main plot of *King Lear*. The subordinate plot of Gloster and his sons was doubtless partly founded upon an episodical chapter in

Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, entitled "The pitiful state and story of the Paphlagonian unkind King and his kind son; first related by the son, then by the blind father." Of this, also, I give a condensed statement.

The "Princes" who figure in Sidney's work, being overtaken by a furious storm, are forced to seek shelter in a hollow rock, where, themselves unseen, they overhear a dialogue between an aged man and a young, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blind, the young man leading him. At length, the talk became so sad and pitiful, that the princes were moved to go out to them and ask the younger what they were. He answered, "Sirs, I see well you are strangers, that know not our misery, so well known here. Indeed our state is such that, though nothing is so needful to us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us than to make ourselves so known as may stir pity. This old man, lately rightful Prince of this country of Paphlagonia, was, by the hard-hearted ungreatfulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, but of his sight, the riches which Nature grants to the poorest creatures. By this and other unnatural dealings he hath been driven to such grief, that even now he would have me lead him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death; and so would have made me, who received my life from him, to be the worker of his destruction. But, noble gentlemen, if either of you have a father, and feel what dutiful affection is engrafted in a son's heart, let me entreat you to convey this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and security."

Before they could make answer, the father began to speak. "Ah, my son," said he, "how evil an historian are you, that leave out the chief knot of all the discourse, my wickedness, my wickedness! If thou doest it to spare my ears, assure thyself thou dost mistake me. I take to witness that Sun which you see, that nothing is so welcome to me as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, that whatsoever my son hath said is true. But, besides, this also is true, that, having had in lawful marriage this son, I was carried by a bastard son of mine, first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to do my best to destroy this son. If I should tell you what ways he used,

to bring me to it, I should tediously trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisy, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envy, as in any living person could be harboured. But no remembrance of naughtiness delights me but mine own; and methinks the accusing his traps might in some manner excuse my fault, which I loathe to do. The conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine to lead this son out into a forest, and there to kill him.

"But those thieves spared his life, letting him go to live poorly; which he did, giving himself to be a private soldier in a country near by. But, as he was ready to be greatly advanced for some noble service which he did, he heard news of me; who suffered myself to be so governed by that unlawful and unnatural son, that, ere I was aware, I had left myself nothing but the name of a king. He, soon growing weary even of this, threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes; and then let me go, neither imprisoning nor killing me, but rather delighting to make me feel my misery. And as he came to the crown by unjust means, so he kept it as unjustly; disarming all his own countrymen, so that no man durst show so much charity as to lend me a hand to guide my dark steps; till this son, forgetting my abominable wrongs, and neglecting the way he was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kind office which you see him performing towards me, to my unspeakable grief. Above all, it grieves me that he should desperately adventure the loss of his life for mine, as if he would carry mud in a chest of crystal: for well I know, he that now reigneth will not let slip any advantage to make him away, whose just title may one day shake the seat of a never-secure tyranny. For this cause I craved of him to lead me to the top of this rock, meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he, finding what I purposed, only therein since he was born showed himself disobedient to me. And now, gentlemen, you have the true story; which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial piety, the only reward now left for so great merit."

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.	A Doctor.
KING OF FRANCE.	A Fool.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.	OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
DUKE OF ALBANY.	An Officer employed by Edmund.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.	A Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
EARL OF KENT.	A Herald.
EARL OF GLOSTER.	Servants to Cornwall.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.	
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.	GONERIL, } Daughters to Lear.
CURAN, a Courtier.	REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.
An old Man, Tenant to Gloster.	CORDELIA, } Daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE. — *Britain.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room of State in King* LEAR'S *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected[1] the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glos. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he

[1] To *affect* a thing, as the word is here used, is to *take to* it, to have an *inclination* towards it. See vol. xii. page 165, note 10.

values most; for equalities are so weigh'd,[2] that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.[3]

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glos. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glos. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.[4]

Glos. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.— Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glos. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

[2] That is, the portions are weighed out or arranged so *equally*, or *in such equality*. A *proleptical* mode of speech, like many others.

[3] *Moiety* properly means half, but was used for any part or portion.— *Curiosity* is *close scrutiny*, or *scrupulous exactness*.— This speech goes far to interpret Lear's subsequent action, as it shows that the division of the kingdom has already been concluded, and the several portions allotted, and so infers the trial of professions to be a sort of pet device with the old King, a thing that has no purpose but to gratify a childish whim. The opening thus forecasts Lear's madness.

[4] Here, as usual in Shakespeare, *proper* is *handsome*, or *fine-looking*.

Glos. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.[5] — [*Sennet within.*] The King is coming.

Enter LEAR, ALBANY, CORNWALL, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glos. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.[6] —
Give me the map there. — Know that we've divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will[7] to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now.[8] The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. — Tell me, my daughters, —
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of State, —
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

[5] As Edmund's villainy is a leading force in the dramatic action, an intimation of the causes which have been at work preparing him for crime is judiciously given here in the outset of the play. — Gloster's meaning in this last speech clearly is, that he has kept Edmund *away from home* nine years, and intends sending him away again, in order to avoid the shame of his presence, or because he has so "often blush'd to acknowledge him." We may suppose Edmund's absence to have been spent in travelling abroad, or in pursuing his studies, or in some kind of foreign service. And this accounts for his not being acquainted with Kent.

[6] Lear's "darker purpose" is probably that of surprising his daughters into a rivalry of affection. This he has hitherto *kept dark* about; though his scheme of dividing the kingdom was known, at least in the Court.

[7] "*Constant* will" is *fixed* or *determined* will; the same as "*fast* intent."

[8] "That future strife may be prevented *by what we now do.*"

That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.[9] — Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Gon. Sir,
I love you more than words can wield the matter;[10]
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.[11]
Cord. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,[12]
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady:[13] to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. Sir,
I'm made of that self[14] metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess[15]

[9] *Nature* is put for *natural affection*, and *with merit* is used adverbially: "That I may extend my largest bounty where natural affection justly, or *meritoriously*, challenges it"; that is, *claims it as due*.

[10] "My love is a matter so weighty that words cannot *express* or *sustain* it."

[11] Beyond all assignable quantity. "I love you so much that there is no possibility of telling how much."

[12] *Rich'd* for *enriched*. — *Champains* are *plains*; hence *fertile*.

[13] The *lord* of a thing is, strictly speaking, the *owner* of it. And *lady* is here used as the counterpart of *lord* in this sense. So that to make one the *lady* of a thing is to make her the *owner* or *possessor* of it.

[14] The Poet often uses *self* with the sense of *self-same*.

[15] "She comes short of me *in this*, that I profess," &c.

Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense[16] possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate[17]
In your dear Highness' love.
Cord. [*Aside.*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,[18] and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. — Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd;[19] what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cord. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing!
Cord. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
Cord. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth:[20] I love your Majesty
According to my bond;[21] nor more nor less.

16 By *square of sense* I understand *fulness of sensibility* or *capacity of joy.* So that the meaning seems to be, "Which the finest susceptibility of happiness is capable of." Some have stumbled at the word *square* here. But why not "*square* of sense" as well as *circle of the senses?* which would be a very intelligible expression.

17 *Felicitate*, a shortened form of *felicitated*, is *fortunate* or *made happy.* The Poet has many preterites so shortened; as *consecrate*, *suffocate*, &c.

18 *Validity* for *value* or *worth.* Repeatedly so.

19 To *interest* and to *interesse* are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but two distinct words, though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interesser.*

20 We have the same thought well expressed in *The Maid's Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher, i. 1: "My mouth is much too narrow for my heart."

21 *Bond* was used of any thing that *binds* or *obliges;* that is, *duty.*

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cord. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as[22] are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cord. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cord. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the Sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom[23] we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[24] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime[25] daughter.

[22] *As* is here a relative pronoun, referring to *those duties; which* or *that.* The word was used very loosely in the Poet's time.

[23] The relatives *who* and *which* were used indiscriminately.

[24] Probably meaning his *children;* perhaps simply his *kind.*

[25] *Sometime,* here, is *former* or *formerly.* See vol. xiv. page 146, note 12.

Kent. Good my liege, —
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery: hence, and avoid my sight![26]
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! — Call France: who stirs?
Call Burgundy. — Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king;[27]
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers, —
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,

[26] As Kent has said nothing to provoke this snappish order, we are probably to suppose that Lear, knowing his man, anticipates a bold remonstrance from him, and, in his excited mood, flares up at the thought of such a thing. So he says to him a little after, "Out of my sight."

[27] All the *titles* or *marks of honour* pertaining to *royalty.*

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,[28]
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs[29] no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies;[30] nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.[31]

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. [*Grasping his sword.*] O vassal, miscreant!

Alb., *Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!

28 "Let my life be answerable for my judgment," or, "I will stake my life on the truth of what I say."

29 *Reverbs* for *reverberates;* probably a word of the Poet's own coining. Here it has the sense of *report* or *proclaim.*

30 To *wage* is to *wager*, to *stake* or *hazard.* So, "I never held my life but as a thing to be impawned or put in pledge against your enemies."

31 The *blank* is the *mark* at which men shoot. "See better," says Kent, "and let me be the mark to direct your sight, that you err not."

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow, —
Which we durst never yet, — and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power, —
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear, —
Our potency made good, take thy reward.[32]
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases[33] of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, King: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —
[*To* CORD.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said! —
[*To* REG. *and* GON.] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,[34]
That good effects may spring from words of love. —
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his own course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

Glos. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this King
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest[35] of love?

32 That is, "Take thy reward *in* or *by a demonstration* of our power."

33 *Disease* in its old sense of *discomfort* or what causes uneasiness.

34 *Approve* in the sense of *make good*, or *prove true*. Often so.

35 A *quest* is a *seeking* or *pursuit:* the expedition in which a knight was engaged is often so named in *The Faerie Queene*.

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than hath your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right-noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,[36]
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,[37]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. — [*To* FRANCE.] For you, great King,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match[38] you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time

[36] With our displeasure *added to it;* as in the common phrase of *piecing out* a thing. — *Like*, in the next line, was continually used where we should use *please*. *It likes me* is, in old language, the same as *I like it.*

[37] *Owes* and *owns* are but different forms of the same word.

[38] "Such a stray, *as* to match." So again in the next speech: "So monstrous, *as* to dismantle." The Poet omits *as* in such cases, when the verse is against it.

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint;[39] which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cord. I yet beseech your Majesty,
(If for I want[40] that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;
But even the want of that for which I'm richer,
A still-soliciting eye,[41] and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this, a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love

"*Must be* fall'n" is the meaning. *Taint* for *attaint* or *attainder*. "The affection which you before professed must have fallen under reproach or impeachment as fickle or false."—"Of *such* unnatural degree, *that monsters it*," is of such unnatural degree *as to be monstrous*, or *prove her a monster*.

40 That is, "If *it be because* I want," or "If *you are doing this because* I want." The use of *for* in the sense of *because* is very frequent.

41 "A *soliciting* eye" here means a *greedy*, *self-seeking*, *covetous* eye. The Poet often has *still* in the sense of *ever* or *continually*.—The preceding line will hardly bear a grammatical analysis, but the sense is plain enough. "The want of that for which" means, simply, "that want for which," or, if you please, "the want of that for the want of which."

When it is mingled with regards[42] that stand
Aloof from th' entire point. Will you have her
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I'm sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.—
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish[43] Burgundy
Can buy this únprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.[44]—

[42] *Regards* for *considerations* or *inducements*. The same with *respects* in the fourth speech after. So the latter word is commonly used by the Poet.

[43] *Waterish* is here used with a dash of contempt. Burgundy, a level, well-watered country, was famous for its pastures and dairy-produce.

[44] The Poet uses *benison* for *blessing*, when he wants a trisyllable.

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and* Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cord. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father:
To your professèd[45] bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.[46]

Cord. Time shall unfold what plighted[47] cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always

[45] *Professèd* for *professing;* the passive form with the active sense. So in *Paradise Lost*, i. 486: "Likening his Maker to the *grazèd* ox."

[46] "You well deserve to want that in which you have been wanting."

[47] *Plight, pleat,* and *plait* are but different forms of the same word, all meaning to *fold, complicate,* and so *make dark.*

loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition,[48] but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together:[49] if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.[50] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Hall in the Earl of* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound.[1] Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

48 *Temper*, or *disposition*, set and confirmed by long habit.

49 "Let us *agree* or *unite* in the same plan or course of action." —The meaning of what follows probably is, "If the King continue in the same rash, headstrong, and inconstant temper as he has just shown in snatching back his authority the moment his will is crossed, we shall be the worse off for his surrender of the kingdom to us."

50 So in the common phrase, "Strike while the iron's hot."

1 In this speech of Edmund you see, as soon as a man cannot reconcile himself to reason, how his conscience flies off by way of appeal to Nature, who is sure upon such occasions never to find fault; and also how shame sharpens a predisposition in the heart to evil. —COLERIDGE.

The curiosity of nations to deprive me,[2]
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tirèd bed,
Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? — Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th' legitimate: fine word, — *legitimate!*
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top th' legitimate.[3] I grow; I prosper: —
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted![4]
And the King gone to-night! subscribed his power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad![5] — Edmund, how now! what news?

[2] To "stand in the plague of custom" is, in Edmund's sense, to lie under the ban of conventional disability. — "The curiosity of nations" is the moral strictness of civil institutions; especially the law of marriage, and the exclusion of bastards from the rights of inheritance. — To *deprive* was sometimes used for to *cut off*, to *disinherit*. *Exheredo* is rendered by this word in the old dictionaries.

[3] To *top* is to *rise above*, to *surpass*. A frequent usage.

[4] *Parted* for *departed*. Also a frequent usage.

[5] "*Subscribed* his power," is *yielded* or *given up* his power; as when we say a man has signed away his wealth, his freedom, or his rights. — "*Confined* to *exhibition*" is *limited* to *an allowance*. So in Ben Jonson's

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glos. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glos. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glos. No? What needed, then, that terrible[6] dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come; if it be nothing I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and, for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glos. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glos. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glos. [Reads.] *This policy and reverence of age*[7] *makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond*[8] *bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come*

Poetaster: "Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing but thy bare *exhibition.*" The word is still so used in the English Universities. — *Upon the gad* is *in haste;* the same as *upon the spur.* A *gad* was a sharp-pointed piece of steel, used in driving oxen; hence *goaded.*

6 *Terrible* because done as if *from terror; terrified.*

7 That is, this policy, or custom, *of reverencing* age. The idea is, that the honouring of fathers and mothers is an old superstition, which smart boys ought to cast off, knock their fathers on the head, and so have a good time while they are young. We have a like expression in scene 4: "This milky *gentleness and* course of yours." See vol. xiv. page 148, note 22.

8 Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *fond* is *foolish.*

to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.

Hum — conspiracy! — *Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue.* — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glos. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glos. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glos. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glos. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested,[9] brutish villain! worse than brutish! — Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,[10] if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in

9 *Detested* for *detestable.* The Poet so uses a good many words ending in *-ed.* See vol. x. page 172, note 35.

10 *Where* and *whereas* were used indiscriminately. — Here, "a *certain* course" is a *safe* or *sure* course.

your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence [11] of danger.

Glos. Think you so?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glos. He cannot be such a monster —

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glos. — to his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. — Heaven and Earth! — Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him,[12] I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.[13]

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey [14] the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glos. These late eclipses in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: [15] love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain

11 *Pretence* was very often used for *intention* or *purpose.* See vol. vii. page 187, note 2.

12 *Me* is here *expletive.* — *Wind into him* is the same as our phrase "worm yourself into him"; that is, find out his hidden purpose.

13 "I would give my whole estate, all that I possess, to be *satisfied* or *assured* in the matter." The Poet often has *resolve* in this sense.

14 To *convey*, as the word is here used, is to *manage* or *carry through* a thing adroitly, or as by sleight of hand.

15 "Though reason or natural philosophy may make out that these strange events proceed from the regular operation of natural laws, and so have no moral purpose or significance, yet we find them followed by calamities, as in punishment of our sins."

of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the King falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, — often the surfeit of our own behaviour, — we make guilty of our disasters the Sun, the Moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,[16] by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star![17] My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa Major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy.[18]

16 *Treachers* for *traitors*. The word is used by Chaucer and Spenser.

17 Warburton thinks that the dotages of judicial astrology were meant to be satirized in this speech. Coleridge remarks upon Edmund's philosophizing as follows: "Thus scorn and misanthropy are often the anticipations and mouthpieces of wisdom in the detection of superstitions. Both individuals and nations may be free from such prejudices by being below them, as well as by rising above them."

18 Perhaps alluding, satirically, to the awkward catastrophes of the old comedies, which were coarsely contrived so as to have the persons enter, pat, just when they were wanted on the stage. — *Cue*, as here used, is *prompt-word* or *hint*. — *Bedlam*, an old corruption of *Bethlehem*, was a well-

My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.[19]

Edg. Now now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily:[20] as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in State; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences,[21] banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?[22]

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

known hospital for the insane. — *Tom* was a name commonly given to Bedlamites. An instance of it will be seen afterwards in Edgar. — Edmund is here pretending not to be aware of his brother's entrance.

19 "Shakespeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. Edmund, speaking of the eclipses as portents, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa sol la mi*." So says Dr. Burney. But Mr. Chappell, perhaps a better authority, assures Mr. W. A. Wright, the Clarendon editor, that there is no foundation for Burney's remark; and that "Edmund is merely singing to himself in order not to seem to observe Edgar's approach."

20 That is, *turn out badly*. The Poet often uses *success* for *issue* or *consequence*, whether good or bad. The usage was common.

21 *Diffidences* for *distrustings*, ruptures of confidence. An old usage.

22 "How long have you belonged to the *sect of astronomers?*" Judicial astrology, as it is called, formerly had its schools and professors.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent[23] forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly,[24] nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. — [*Exit* EDGAR.
A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices[25] ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

[23] *Continent* in its old sense of *self-restrained* or *subdued.*

[24] *Faintly* is *imperfectly*, and qualifies *told.*

[25] *Contrivance, plot, stratagem* are old meanings of *practice.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* OSWALD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his Fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. [*Horns within.*

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, when flatteries are seen abused.
Remember what I've said.

Osw. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you:
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Hall in the Same.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse,[1] my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, —
So may it come! — thy master, whom thou lovest,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an* Attendant.] — How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse[2] with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.[3]

[1] To *defuse* (sometimes spelt *diffuse*) is to *confuse*, and to *disguise* by confusing; though the general sense of *disorder* seems to lie at the bottom of the word. It appears that the form *defuse* was common in the Poet's time. So in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*: "It is hard that the taste of one apple should distaste the whole lumpe of this *defused* chaios." See, also, vol. xii. page 121, note 8. — Kent has disguised his person so as to pass unrecognized; and now he is apprehensive that his speech or accents may betray him.

[2] To *converse* signifies properly to *keep company*, to have *commerce* with. His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men who are not tattlers or talebearers.

[3] *Eating fish* on the fast-days of the Church, though enjoined by the civil authorities, was odious to the more advanced Protestants as a badge of popery. So in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*: "I trust I am none of *the wicked* that *eat fish* a fridays." This is probably the reason why Kent makes eating no fish a recommendation to employment.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave?[4] my Fool?—Go you, and call my Fool hither.— [*Exit an* Attendant.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll[5]

[4] *Knave* was a common term of familiar endearment.

[5] *Clot* is *clod*, and *poll* is *head;* so that *clotpoll* comes to *blockhead.*

back. [*Exit a* Knight.]—Where's my Fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.—

Re-enter the Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest[6] manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence[7] and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.[8]

[6] *Round* is *blunt, downright, plain-spoken.* See vol. xii. page 84, note 16.

[7] "Jealous curiosity" seems to mean a suspicious, prying scrutiny, on the watch to detect slights and neglects.—*Pretence*, again, for *intent* or *design.*—*Very* in the sense of *real* or *deliberate.*—The passage is rather curious as discovering a sort of double consciousness in the old King.

[8] This aptly touches the keynote of the Fool's character. "The Fool," says Coleridge, "is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakespeare's genius to the taste of his audience.

[illegible]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes* OSWALD *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving* KENT *money.*

Enter the Fool.

Fool. Let me hire [illegible]—Here's my coxcomb.[3]

[*Offering* KENT *his cap.*

[illegible] introduction, which he never does [illegible] by bringing him into living com[illegible] as wonderful a creation as Cali[illegible] articulate and gauge the hor[illegible]

[illegible] an "allowed Fool." It was a cap [illegible] up, to resemble the comb of a cock.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits,[10] thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle![11] Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,[12] may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,[13]
Ride more than thou goest,

[10] To "smile as the wind sits" is to fall in with and humour the disposition of those in power, or to curry favour with those who have rewards to bestow. The Fool means that Kent has earned the name of fool by not doing this, and should wear the appropriate badge.

[11] A familiar contraction of *mine uncle.* It seems that the common appellation of the old licensed Fool to his superiors was *uncle.* In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim,* when Alinda assumes the character of a Fool, she uses the same language. She meets Alfonso, and calls him *nuncle;* to which he replies by calling her *naunt.*

[12] It appears that *brach* was a general term for a keen-scented hound. *Lady* is here the name of a female hound.

[13] That is, do not lend all that thou hast: *owe* for *own.*

Learn more than thou trowest,[14]
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath[15] of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. — Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To* KENT.] Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter Fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if

14 To *trow* is to *know*. — *Set*, in the next line, means *stake:* stake less than the value of what you throw *for*.

15 *Breath* is here used for that in which a lawyer's breath is sometimes spent, — *words*.

I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. — Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt:[16] thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.[17]

[Sings.] *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.[18]

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and putst down thine own breeches,

[Sings.] *Then they for sudden joy did weep,*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

[16] Alluding, no doubt, to the fable of the old man and his ass.

[17] That is, "If in this I speak like a fool or foolishly, let not me be whipped for saying it, but let him have the whipping who first finds it to be as I have said." The sage Fool is darkly forecasting the troubles that await the old King as the consequences of what he has done. Fools were liable to be whipped for using too great freedom in sarcastic speech.

[18] "There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and this is because they were never so little wanted, for wise men supply their place."

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a Fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet[19] on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a Fool, thou art nothing. —[*To* GON.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod.[20] [*Pointing to* LEAR.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed Fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

19 "What *means* that *frown* on your brow?" or, "What business has it there?" The verb to *make* was often used thus. A *frontlet* is said to have been a cloth worn on the forehead by ladies to prevent wrinkles. Of course Goneril enters with a *cloud of anger* in her face. So in *Zepheria*, 1594: "And vayle thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet*."

20 Now a mere husk that contains nothing. *Cod*, or *peascod*, is the old name of what we call *pod*, or *peapod*.

That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance;[21] which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,[22]
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.[23]

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[24]

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you're fraught; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? *Whoop, Jug! I love thee.*[25]

21 To "*put* it *on* by your *allowance*" is to *encourage* it by your *approval. Put on* for *incite* or *set on* was very common. Also *allow* and its derivatives in the sense of *approve*. See vol. xiv. page 226, note 6.

22 "The tender of a wholesome weal" is the taking care that the commonwealth be kept in a sound and healthy state. To *tender* a thing is to *be careful* of it. See vol. xiv. page 262, note 6. *Wholesome* is here used proleptically. See vol. xiii. page 188, note 1.

23 Alluding to a trick which the cuckoo has of laying her eggs in the sparrow's nest, to be hatched, and the cuckoo's chicks fed by the sparrow, till they get so big and so voracious as to scare away or kill their feeder. See vol. xi. page 116, note 6.

24 To be left *darkling* is to be left *in the dark*.

25 This is said to be a part of the burden of an old song. Halliwell notes upon it as follows: "*Jug* was the old nickname for *Joan*, and it was also a term of endearment. Edward Alleyn, the player, writing to his wife in 1593, says, 'And, Jug, I pray you, lett my orayng-tawny stokins of wolen be dyed a new good blak against I com hom, to wear in winter.'" He also

Lear. Doth any here know me? Why, this is not Lear: doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.[26] Ha! waking? 'tis not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

Fool. Lear's shadow,—

Lear. —I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,—knowledge and reason,—I should be false persuaded I had daughters.[27]

Fool. —which they will make an obedient father.[28]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration,[29] sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

quotes from Cotgrave's *Wit's Interpreter*, 1617: "If I be I, and thou be'st one, tell me, sweet Jugge, how spell'st thou Jone." And Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, as quoted by Furness, has a song which begins, "Arise, arise, my Juggie, my Puggie," and Juggie replies, "Begon, begon, my Willie, my Billie."

26 *Notion* and *discernings* are evidently meant here as equivalent terms. *Notion* for *mind, judgment*, or *understanding*, occurs repeatedly. So that the meaning is, "Either his mind is breaking down, or else it has fallen into a lethargy."

27 Here "marks of *sovereignty*," as I take it, are *sovereign* marks, and *knowledge* and *reason* in apposition with *marks*. So that the meaning is, "For knowledge and reason, which are our supreme guides or attributes, would persuade me I had daughters, though such is clearly not the case."

28 It must be understood, that in the speech beginning "I would learn that," Lear is continuing his former speech, and answering his own question, without heeding the Fool's interruption. So, again, in this speech the Fool continues his former one, *which* referring to *shadow*.

29 *Admiration* in its Latin sense of *wonder*.

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! —
Saddle my horses; call my train together. —
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents, — [*To* ALB.] O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. — Prepare my horses. —
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster![30]

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To* GON.] Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest[31] parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worship[32] of their name. — O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

30 Referring, probably, to the dreadful beast that made such havoc with the virgin daughters of old Troy. See vol. iii. page 171, note 10.

31 Here the superlative sense in *rarest* extends back over *choice*. The usage was common. See vol. iii. page 180, note 42.

32 *Worship* was continually used just as *honour* is now, only meaning *less*. So "your *Worship*" was a lower title than "your *Honour*."

Which, like an engine,[33] wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord. — Hear, Nature, hear!
Dear goddess, hear! suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! — Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. — [*To* GON.] Life and death! I am ashamed

[33] *Engine* for *rack*, the old instrument of torture.

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings[34] of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. — Ha, is it come to this?
Let it be so. I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:[35]
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and* Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?[36]

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald, ho! —
[*To the* Fool.] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the Fool with thee. —

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the Fool follows after. [*Exit.*

[34] The *untented* woundings are the *rankling* or *never-healing wounds* inflicted by parental malediction. To *tent* is to *probe: untented*, therefore, is *too deep to be probed; incurable*. See page 25, note 9.

[35] *Comfortable* in the sense of *comforting* or *giving* comfort. See vol. iv. page 15, note 15.

[36] Albany, though his heart is on the King's side, is reluctant to make a square issue with his wife; and she thinks to work upon him by calling his attention pointedly to Lear's threat of resuming the kingdom.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel! A hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point[37] a hundred knights! yes, that, on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say! —
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.[38]
Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness, —

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more.[39] So get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit* OSWALD.] — No, no, my lord;
This milky gentleness and course[40] of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

[37] *At point* is *completely armed*, and so ready on the slightest notice.

[38] The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible, namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account, is admitted: whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. — COLERIDGE.

[39] That is, make it more consistent and credible: *strengthen* it.

[40] "Milky and *gentle* course" is the meaning. See page 24, note 7.

You are much more attask'd[41] for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.[42]

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well; the event.[43] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Court before the Same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and the* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter.[1] If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there[2] afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?[3]

[41] The word *task* is frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of *tax*. So in the common phrase of our time, "Taken to task"; that is, *called to account*, or *reproved*.

[42] That is, praised for a mildness that is harmful in its effects.

[43] As before implied, Albany shrinks from a word-storm with his helpmate, and so tells her, in effect, "Well, let us not quarrel about it, but wait and see how your course works." In their marriage, Goneril had somewhat the advantage of her husband; because, to be sure, she was a king's daughter, and he was not.

[1] This instruction to Kent is very well-judged. The old King feels mortified at what has happened, and does not want Kent to volunteer any information about it to his other daughter.

[2] The word *there* shows that when the King says, "Go you before to *Gloster*," he means the town of Gloster, which Shakespeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall, to increase the probability of his setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster. The old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and daughter at home, follows them to the Earl of Gloster's castle.

[3] *Kibe* is an old name for a heel-sore. See vol. vii. page 51, note 51.

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.[4]

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly;[5] for though she's as like this as a crab's[6] like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of[7] either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.[8]

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

[4] I do not well see the force or application of this. The best comment I have met with on the passage is Moberly's: "The Fool laughs at Kent's promise of rapidity, and says, first, that, 'when men's brains are in their heels,' (that is, when they have no more wit than is needed, to go fast,) 'they may get brain-chilblains'; and, secondly, that, 'as Lear has no brains, he is in no such danger.'"

[5] The Fool quibbles, using *kindly* in two senses; as it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her *kind*, or according to her *nature*. The Poet often uses *kind* in this sense. See vol. iv. page 220, note 2.

[6] *Crab* refers to the fruit so-called, not to the fish. So in Lyly's *Euphues*: "The sower Crabbe hath the shew of an Apple as well as the sweet Pippin."

[7] Shakespeare often has *of* where we should use *on*, and *vice versa*; as *on's* in the Fool's preceding speech. See vol. xiii. page 124, note 5.

[8] Lear is now stung with remorse for his treatment of Cordelia.

Lear. I will forget my nature.[9] So kind a father! — Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars[10] are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good Fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce![11] Monster Ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my Fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad,[12] not mad, sweet Heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad! —

Enter a Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

**Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
*Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

9 *Forget* in the sense of *put off, disown,* or *forsake.* Lear means that he will renounce the kindness which is naturally his.

10 This is commonly thought to mean the constellation Pleiades. But I am apt to think that Mr. Furness is right: "May it not refer to the Great Bear, whose seven stars are the most conspicuous group in the circle of perpetual apparition in the Northern Hemisphere? — so conspicuous, inded, that the Latin word for *North* was derived from them. We call this constellation 'The Dipper,' from its fancied resemblance to the utensil of that name; a name, I believe, scarcely known in England.

11 He is meditating on what he has before threatened, namely, to "resume the shape which he has cast off."

12 The mind's own anticipation of madness! The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half-sense of the impending blow. — COLERIDGE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.[1]

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward[2] 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,[3]
Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place!

1 "*Ear-kissing* arguments" are words spoken with the speaker's lips close to the hearer's ear, as if kissing him; *whispers.*

2 *Toward* is *forthcoming* or *at hand.* See vol. xiv. page 316, note 63.

3 "A *queasy* question" is a matter delicate, ticklish, or difficult to manage; as a queasy stomach is impatient of motion.

Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.[4]

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming: pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.
Draw; seem to defend yourself: now quit you[5] well.
Yield! come before my father! — Light, ho, here! —
Fly, brother! — Torches, torches! — So, farewell. —
[*Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour: [*Wounds his arm.*
I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.[6] — Father, father! —
Stop, stop! — No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with Torches.*

[4] That is, *bethink* yourself; question your memory; recollect. See vol. xii. page 69, note 17. — The preceding line is commonly explained, "Have you said nothing *in* censure of the party he has formed against the Duke of Albany?" This supposes Edmund to be merely repeating the question he has asked before. But the proper sense of "upon his *party*" is "upon his *side*," or in his favour. So that Delius probably gives the right explanation. I quote from Furness's *Variorum*: "In order to confuse his brother, and urge him to a more speedy flight, by giving him the idea that he is surrounded by perils, Edmund asks Edgar, first, whether he has not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall, and then, reversing the question, asks whether he has not said something on the side of Cornwall 'gainst the Duke of Albany."

[5] *Quit you* is *acquit yourself.* The Poet has *quit* repeatedly so.

[6] These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*: "Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk wine, *stabbed arms*, and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?"

Glos. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, cónjuring the Moon
To stand auspicious mistress.[7]
Glos. But where is he?
Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.
Glos. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —
Glos. Pursue him, ho! Go after. — [*Exeunt some* Servants.
By no means what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father: sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his preparèd sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But, whêr he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted [8] by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glos. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And, found, dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch [9] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,

[7] Gloster has already shown himself a believer in such astrological superstitions; so that Edmund here takes hold of him by just the right handle.

[8] That is, *aghasted, frighted.* So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons:* "Either the sight of the lady has *gasted* him, or else he's drunk."

[9] *Arch* is *chief;* still used in composition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke,* &c.

That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst[10] speech
I threaten'd to discover him. He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposure
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,[11]*—I'd turn it all*
To thy suggestion, plot, and damnèd practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glos. Strong and fasten'd[12] villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him.
[*Tucket within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.[13]

[10] *Pight* is *pitched, fixed; curst* is an epithet applied to any bad quality in excess; as a malignant, quarrelsome, or scolding temper. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Catharine is called "a *curst* shrew."

[11] *Character* here means *hand-writing* or *signature.*

[12] *Strong and fasten'd* is *resolute and confirmed.* Strong was often used in a bad sense, as *strong* thief, *strong* traitor.

[13] That is, capable of succeeding to his estate. By law, Edmund was incapable of the inheritance. The word *natural* is here used with great art in

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I've heard strange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?
Glos. O madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?[14]
Glos. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glos. I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glos. He did bewray[15] his practice; and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

the double sense of *illegitimate* and as opposed to *unnatural*, which latter epithet is implied upon Edgar.

14 There is a peculiar subtlety and intensity of malice in these speeches of Regan. Coleridge justly observes that she makes "no reference to the guilt, but only to the accident, which she uses as an occasion for sneering at her father." And he adds, "Regan is not, in fact, a greater monster than Goneril, but she has the power of casting more venom."

15 *Bewray* is nearly the same in sense as *betray*, and means *disclose* or *reveal*. So in St. Matthew, xxvi. 73: "Thy speech *bewrayeth* thee."

Corn. Is he pursued?
Glos. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glos. For him I thank your Grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading[16] dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,[17]
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home:[18] the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
Glos. I serve you, madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

[16] *Threading* is *passing through.* The word *dark-eyed* shows that an allusion to the threading of a needle was intended.

[17] *Poise* is *weight, importance.*—Regan's snatching the speech out of her husband's mouth is rightly in character. These two strong-minded ladies think nobody else can do any thing so well as they.

[18] That is, *away* from our home; from some other place than home.

SCENE II. — *Before* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning[1] to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Finsbury pinfold,[2] I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.[3]

1 *Dawning* occurs again in *Cymbeline*, as substantive, for *morning*. It is still so dark, however, that Oswald does not recognize Kent. Kent probably knows him by the voice.

2 *Pinfold* is an old word for *pound*, a public enclosure where stray pigs and cattle are shut up, to be bought out by the owner.

3 *Addition*, again, for *title*, but here put for the foregoing string of titles. A few of these may need to be explained. "*Three-suited* knave" probably means one who spends all he has, or his whole income, in dress. Kent afterwards says to Oswald, "a *tailor made* thee." So in Jonson's *Silent Woman:* "Wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel." "Worsted-stocking knave" is another reproach of the same kind.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue! for, though it be night, yet the Moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.[4] [*Drawing his sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger,[5] draw!

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal! you come with letters against the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part[6] against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado[7] your shanks: draw, you rascal! come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave! stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave,[8] strike! [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

"Action-taking" is one who, if you beat him, would bring an action for assault, instead of resenting it like a man of pluck. "One-trunk-inheriting," — *inherit* in its old sense of to *own* or *possess*. *Superserviceable* is about the same as *servile*; one that *overdoes* his service; *sycophantic*. *Lily-liver'd* was a common epithet for a *coward*. See vol. iii. page 172, note 15. "A bawd," &c., may be one who does good service in the capacity of a bawd.

4 An equivoque is here intended, by an allusion to the old dish of *eggs in moonshine*, which was eggs broken and boiled in salad oil till the yolks became hard. It is equivalent to the phrase of modern times, "I'll *baste you*," or "*beat you to a mummy*."

5 Called *barber-monger* because he spends so much time in nursing his whiskers, in getting himself up, and in being barbered.

6 Alluding, probably, to the old moral plays, in which the virtues and vices were personified. Vanity was represented as a female; and *puppet* was often a term of contempt for a woman. Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, speaks of certain vices as "Lady Vanity" and "Old Iniquity."

7 To *carbonado* is to *slash with stripes*, as a piece of meat to be cooked.

8 Steevens thought that *neat slave* might mean, "you *finical* rascal, you assemblage of *foppery* and *poverty*." Walker, a better authority, explains it, "*Neat* in the sense of *pure, unmixed;* still used in the phrase *neat wine*." This makes it equivalent to "you *unmitigated villain*."

Enter Edmund, *sword in hand.*

Edm. How now! What's the matter? [*Parting them.*

Kent. With you, goodman boy,[9] if you please: come, I'll flesh ye;[10] come on, young master.

Enter Gloster.

Glos. Weapons? arms? What's the matter here?

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and* Servants.

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, Nature disclaims in thee:[11] a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter[12] or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard, —

9 Kent purposely takes Edmund's *matter* in the sense of *quarrel*, and means, "I'll fight with you, if you wish it." — *Goodman*, in old usage, is about the same as *master* or *mister*. With *boy*, it is contemptuous. The word occurs repeatedly in the Bible; as "the *goodman* of the house."

10 To *flesh* one is to give him his first trial in fighting, or to put him to the first proof of his valour. So in *1 King Henry IV.*, v. 4: "Full bravely hast thou *fleshed* thy *maiden* sword." See vol. xi. page 159, note 19.

11 That is, "Nature *disowns* thee." To *disclaim in* was often used for to *disclaim* simply. Bacon has it so in his *Advancement of Learning.* — It would seem from this passage, that Oswald is one whose "soul is in his clothes." Hence fond of being barbered and curled and made fine.

12 *Stone-cutter* for *sculptor*, or an artist in marble.

Kent. Thou whoreson zed![13] thou unnecessary letter!— My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar,[14] and daub the wall of a jakes with him.— Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?[15]

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose;[16] smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;[17]
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Reneag, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale[18] and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage![19]

[13] *Zed* is here used as a term of contempt, because Z is the last letter in the English alphabet: it is said to be an unnecessary letter, because its place may be supplied by S. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says "Z is a letter often heard among us, but seldom seen."

[14] *Unbolted* is *unsifted*, hence *coarse*. The Poet has *bolted* repeatedly in the opposite sense of *refined* or *pure*.

[15] *Wagtail*, I take it, comes pretty near meaning *puppy*.

[16] The image is of a knot so *intricate*, that it cannot be untied. The Poet uses *intrinsicate* as another form of *intrinse*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2: "With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsicate* of life at once untie."

[17] To *smooth* is, here, to *cosset* or *flatter*; a common usage in the Poet's time.—*Rebel* is here used as agreeing with the nearest substantive, instead of with the proper subject, *That*. See vol. xiv. page 154, note 12.

[18] *Reneag* is *renounce* or *deny*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1: "His captain's heart *reneags* all temper." It is commonly spelt *renege*, and sometimes *reneg*.—The *halcyon* is a bird called the kingfisher, which, when dried and hung up by a thread, was supposed to turn its bill towards the point whence the wind blew. So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*: "But now how stands the wind? into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?"

[19] A visage distorted by grinning, as the next line shows.

Smile you my speeches, as I were a Fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.[20]

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glos. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature:[21] he cannot flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-duckling óbservants
That stretch their duties nicely.[22]

[20] *Sarum* is an old contraction of *Salisbury.* Salisbury plain is the largest piece of flat surface in England, and used to be much noted as a lonely and desolate region.— *Camelot* is said to be a place in Somersetshire where large numbers of geese were bred. Old romances also make it the place where King Arthur kept his Court in the West. "Here, therefore," says Dyce, "there is perhaps a double allusion,—to Camelot as famous for its geese, and to those knights who were vanquished by the Knights of the Round Table being sent to Camelot to yield themselves as vassals to King Arthur."

[21] Forces his outside, or his appearance, to something totally *different* from his natural disposition.— *Garb* is used repeatedly by Shakespeare in the sense of *style* or *manner.*

[22] *Nicely* is *punctiliously*, with *over-strained nicety.*— Coleridge has a just

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your great aspéct,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front, —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any.
It pleased the King his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King
For him attempting who was self-subdued;[23]
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.[24]

remark upon this speech: "In thus placing these profound general truths in the mouths of such men as Cornwall, Edmund, Iago, &c., Shakespeare at once gives them utterance, and yet shows how indefinite their application is." I may add, that an inferior dramatist, instead of making his villains use any such vein of original and profound remark, would probably fill their mouths with something either shocking or absurd; which is just what real villains, if they have any wit, never do.

[23] By "him who was self-subdued," Oswald means himself, pretending that the poor figure he made was the result of virtuous self-control, and not of imbecility or fear. — *Fleshment* here means *pride* or *elation;* or, as we say, *flushed.* See vol. x. page 90, note 5.

[24] Ajax is a fool to them. "These rogues and cowards talk in such a boasting strain that, if we were to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would appear a person of no prowess when *compared* to them."

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! —
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the King,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! — As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. — Come, bring away the stocks!

[*Stocks brought out.*

Glos. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't. Your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —

[KENT *is put in the stocks.*

Come, my good lord, away.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER *and* KENT.

Glos. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd[25] nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I've watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:[26]
Give you good morrow!

Glos. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approve[27] the common saw,
Thou out of Heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun![28] —
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! — Nothing, almost, sees miracles
But misery.[29] I know 'tis from Cordelia;

25 *Rubb'd* is *impeded* or *hindered.* A rub in a bowling-alley is something that obstructs or deflects the bowl.

26 A man set in the stocks was said to be "punished by the heels"; and Kent probably alludes to this. He also means, apparently, that the fortune even of a good man may have holes in the heels of its shoes; or, as we say, may be "out at the toes," or "out at the elbows."

27 Here, again, to *approve* is to *make good*, to *prove true*, to *confirm.*

28 The *saw*, that is, the *saying* or *proverb*, alluded to is, "Out of God's blessing into the warm sun"; which was used to signify the state of one cast out from the comforts and charities of home, and left exposed to the social inclemencies of the world. Lyly, in his *Euphues*, has an apt instance of the proverb reversed: "Therefore, if thou wilt follow my advice, and prosecute thine owne determination, thou shalt come out of a warm Sunne into God's blessing." See vol. iv. page 182, note 29.

29 That is, hardly any but the miserable see miracles. Here *see* probably means *experience*, — a sense in which it is often used. Kent appears to be thinking of the supernatural cures and acts of beneficence recorded in the Gospels, where indeed miracles are almost never wrought but in behalf of the wretched; and upon this thought he seems to be building a hope of better times, both for himself and the old King; while, on the other hand, nothing short of a miraculous providence seems able to turn their course of misfortune.

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscurèd course; and shall find time,
From this enormous state, seeking, to give
Losses their remedies.[30] All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. —
Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*Sleeps.*

SCENE III. — *The open Country.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy[1] hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;

[30] I here adopt the arrangement and explanation proposed to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby. The verbs *know* and *shall find* are in the same construction: "I know, and I shall find." *Enormous* is used in its proper Latin sense of *abnormal*, *anomalous*, or *out of rule;* and refers to Kent's own situation, his "obscurèd course." So, in the Shakespeare portion of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 1, Mars is addressed, "O great corrector of *enormous* times, shaker of o'er-rank States." So that the meaning comes thus: "From this anomalous state of mine, I shall gain time to communicate and co-operate with Cordelia in her endeavour to restore the kingdom to its former condition; 'to give losses their remedies,' that is, to reinstate Lear on the throne, Cordelia in his favour, and myself in his confidence, and in my own rights and titles." All this Kent utters in a disjointed way, because half-asleep; and then, having viewed the situation as hopefully as he can, he puts up a prayer to Fortune, and drops off to sleep.

[1] Here, as often, *happy* is *propitious* or *lucky;* like the Latin *felix.*

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;[2]
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,[3] who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting[4] villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,[5] sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. *Poor Turlygood!*[6] *Poor Tom!*
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

[2] The entangling and knotting of the hair was supposed to be done by elves and fairies in the night; hence called *elf-knots.*

[3] In *The Bell-Man of London*, by Dekker, 1640, is an account of one of these characters, under the title of *Abraham Man:* "He sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and, coming near any body, cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold.*"

[4] *Pelting* is *paltry* or *insignificant.* See vol. vi. page 165, note 9.

[5] *Bans* is *curses.* The Poet had no doubt often seen such lunatics roving about in obscure places, and extorting pittances here and there, sometimes by loud execrations, sometimes by petitionary whinings.

[6] *Turlygood* appears to have been a corruption of *Turlupin*, a name applied to a fanatical sect that overran France, Italy, and Germany in the 13th and 14th centuries. "Their manners and appearance," says Douce, "exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people called them Turlupins. Their subsequent appellation of the fraternity of poor men might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called Bedlam beggars, one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of *Turlupins* or *Turlygoods.*"

SCENE IV. — *Before* GLOSTER'S *Castle;* KENT *in the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, *the* Fool, *and a* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel[1] garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.[2]

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,

[1] A quibble between *cruel* and *crewel;* the latter being worsted.

[2] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for what we call *stockings.*

To do upon respect[3] such violent outrage:
Resolve me,[4] with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress' salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,[5]
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,[6] straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And, meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your Highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:[7]
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.[8]

[3] The meaning probably is, to do *deliberately*, or upon *consideration*. See page 20, note 42; also, vol. x. page 79, note 22.

[4] "*Resolve* me" is *inform* me or *assure* me. A frequent usage.

[5] That is, *in* spite of the *interruption* or *delay* naturally consequent upon what Kent was himself doing. In other words, the "reeking post" did not heed Kent's action at all, nor allow himself to be delayed by it. *Intermission* occurs both in *The Merchant* and in *Macbeth* for *pause* or *delay*, which is nearly its meaning here.

[6] "On *reading* the contents *of which*" is the meaning.—*Meiny* is from a French word meaning *household*, or *retinue*.

[7] The pronoun *I* is understood here from the fourth line above.

[8] "If such is their behaviour, the King's troubles are not over yet."

Fathers that wear rags
  Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
  Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours[9] for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother[10] swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak

Kent. None.
How chance the King comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the Winter.[11] All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking.[12] Let

[9] A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars.*—*Tell*, in the next line, is *count*, and refers to *dollars*. See vol. vii. page 39, note 3.

[10] Lear affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, which, in the Poet's time, was not thought peculiar to women.

[11] Referring to Proverbs, vi. 6–8: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the Summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." And the application is, "If you had learned of the ant, you would have known that the King's train are too shrewd to be making hay in cloudy weather, or to think of providing their meat when the Winter of adversity has set in.

[12] All but blind men are led by their eyes, though they follow their noses; and these, seeing the King's forlorn condition, have forsaken him; while

go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a Fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
  And follows but for form.
Will pack when it begins to rain,
  And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the Fool will stay,
  And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away,
  The Fool no knave, perdy.[13]

Kent. Where learn'd you this, Fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They're sick? they're weary?
They've travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;[14]
The images of revolt and flying-off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glos. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;

even of the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, there is not one in twenty but can smell him who, being "muddy in Fortune's mood, smells somewhat strong of her displeasure." It is to be noted that the Fool does not know Kent, and therefore cannot conceive the motive of his action; so here, in characteristic fashion, he is satirizing Kent's adherence to the King, as showing him to be without either sight or smell; that is, as having no sense at all.

13 Here the Fool may be using the trick of suggesting a thing by saying its opposite. Or perhaps he is playing upon the two senses of *knave*, one of which is *servant*. This would infer who the real fools in the world are. Coleridge says "a knave is a fool with a circumbendibus."

14 *Fetch* was often used for *device*, *pretext*, or *stratagem*.

How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak wi' th' Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glos. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glos. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak; commands her service:[15]
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that —
No, but not yet; may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take[16] the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. — [*Looking on* KENT.
Death on my state! wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion[17] of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them,

[15] Lear is here asserting something of the regal authority which he has abdicated; and his meaning depends somewhat on an emphasizing of the words *King*, *commands*, and *service*.

[16] The infinitive *to take* is here used *gerundively*, or like the Latin *gerund*, and so is equivalent to *in taking*. See vol. vi. page 181, note 7. — Here the Poet follows a well-known Latin idiom, using the comparative *more headier*, in the sense of *too* heady, that is, too *headlong*.

[17] *Remotion* for *removal;* referring to Cornwall and Regan's action in *departing* from home.

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.[18]

Glos. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[19] did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she rapt 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down!* 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace!
[KENT *is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—[*To* KENT.] O, are you free?
Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
Of how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert

18 That is, till it kills sleep with noise and clamour.

19 The etymology, says Nares, seems most probable, which derives *cockney* from *cookery*. *Le pays de cocagne*, or *coquaine*, in old French, means a country of good cheer. This *Lubberland*, as Florio calls it, seems to have been proverbial for the simplicity or gullibility of its inhabitants. Dekker, in his *Newes from Hell*, says, "'Tis not our fault; but our mothers, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys*."

Than she to scant her duty.[20]

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled, and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the House:[21]
[Kneeling.] *Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;*
Age is unnecessary:[22] *on my knees I beg*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

[20] There is something of perplexity here. Taken strictly, the passage can only mean, "She knows *better* how to *be wanting* in her duty than you know how to value her desert"; which is clearly the reverse of the sense intended. The difficulty grows from putting a positive and a negative clause together in a comparison. Change the positive clause into a negative, and the sense comes right, thus: "You know *not* how to value her desert, *rather than* she knows how to be wanting in her duty." Still better, perhaps, if we change the negative clause into a positive: "You less know how to value her desert than she knows how to *do* her duty."

[21] How it comports with the order of the family or of the domestic relations, that the father should be a kneeling suppliant to the child.

[22] *Unnecessary*, here, is commonly explained as meaning *necessitous*, or *without the necessaries of life*. But the more probable explanation takes Lear as giving an ironical apology for the uselessness of his existence. "An old man, such as I am, can be of no use to any one, and so must be content to live upon alms."

Return you to my sister.
Lear. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeances of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun,
To fall[23] and blast her pride!
Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted[24] nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[25]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

23 *Fall* is here a transitive verb, meaning *take down* or *abase.*

24 The best explanation of this is given in *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869: "*Heft* is a well-known older English word for *handle*, that which holds or contains; and *tender-hefted* is simply *delicately housed*, *finely sheathed*. *Heft* was in this way applied proverbially to the body; and Howell has a phrase, quoted by Halliwell, which is a good example of its graphic use,—'loose in the heft,'—to designate an ill habit of body, a person of dissipated ways. *Tender-hefted* is, therefore, *tender-bodied*, *delicately-organized*, or, more literally, *finely-fleshed*."

25 A *size* is a *portion* or *allotment* of food. The term *sizer* is still used at the English universities for students living on a stated allowance.

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to th' purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, — my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. —

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.[26] —
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your Grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here? — O Heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow[27] obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part! —
[*To* GON.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? —
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

[26] Whose pride depends upon, or *comes and goes* with the shifting *favour* of his mistress; who puts on airs or falls his crest according as she smiles or frowns upon him.

[27] To *allow* in its old sense of *approve*. So in the 11th Psalm of *The Psalter:* "The Lord *alloweth* the righteous." See vol. vi. page 46, note 19.

Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.[28]
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf, and howl
Necessity's sharp pinch![29] Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest-born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter[30]
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at* OSWALD.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:

[28] "Since you are weak, be content to think yourself so."

[29] "Necessity's sharp pinch" is of course the pain of hunger or of cold. So, later in this play, we have "the *belly-pinched* wolf," to signify the same pain. Shakespeare seems rather fond of the word *howl*, to express the shrieks or outcries of human want or pain or anguish. So in *Macbeth*, iv. 3: "Each morn new widows *howl;* new orphans cry." And again: "I have words that would be *howl'd* out in the desert air." Also in *Henry the Fifth*, iii. 2: "Whiles the mad mothers with their *howls* confused do break the clouds." And in *Hamlet*, v. 1, "A ministering angel shall my sister be, when thou liest *howling*." I do not understand Lear to mean that he would literally cohabit or herd with wolves, but merely that he would be like them, or in the same condition with them, in this repect, that he would roam at large, homeless, roofless, and submit to such extremities of hunger and cold as would force him to howl forth his need of food and warmth. See Critical Notes.

[30] *Sumpter* is used along with *horse* or *mule*, to signify one that carries provisions or other necessaries.

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossèd[31] carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.[32]
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old; and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers!
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith[33] that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,

[31] *Embossèd* is *swollen* or *protuberant;* like the boss of a shield.

[32] "The Thunder-bearer" is the same as Jove the Thunderer. So that *Nor* connects "do not bid" and "tell tales."

[33] *Sith* and *sithence* were old forms just falling out of use in the Poet's time, and now entirely superseded by *since*.

We could control them. If you will come to me, —
For now I spy a danger, — I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all, —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.[34]

Lear. — Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. — [*To* GON.] I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

[34] This spurt of malice, snapped in upon Lear's pathetic appeal, is the *ne plus ultra* of human fiendishness. This cold, sharp venom of retort is what chiefly distinguishes Regan from Goneril: otherwise they seem too much like repetitions of each other to come fairly within the circle of Nature, who never repeats herself. Professor Dowden discriminates these intellectual and strong-minded girls as follows: "The two terrible creatures are distinguishable. Goneril is the calm wielder of a pitiless force, the resolute initiator of cruelty. Regan is a smaller, shriller, fiercer, more eager piece of malice. The tyranny of the elder sister, is a cold, persistent pressure, as little affected by tenderness or scruple as the action of some crushing hammer; Regan's ferocity is more unmeasured, and less abnormal or monstrous."

Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady:
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.[35] But, for true need, —
You Heavens, give me patience, — patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! — No, you unnatural hags!
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall — I will do such things, —
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the Earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,[36]
Or e'er I'll weep. — O Fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and* Fool.
Storm heard at a distance.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: th' old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; 'hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

35 The scope of this reasoning seems to be, "You need clothing only for warmth; yet you pile up expense of dress for other ends, while your dress, after all, hardly meets that natural want; which shows that you would rather suffer lack of warmth than of personal adornment."

36 *Flaws* formerly signified *fragments*, as well as mere *cracks*. The word, as Bailey observes, was "especially applied to the breaking off *shivers* or thin pieces from precious stones."

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.

Where is my Lord of Gloster?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glos. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glos. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.[37]

Glos. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded, like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the King?

37 "Do not by any means entreat him to stay," is the meaning.

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,[1]
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinchèd wolf[2]
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,[3]
Commend a dear thing to you. There's division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have — as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high? — servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculators
Intelligent of our State;[4] what hath been seen,

[1] Lear wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the water, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land.

[2] A bear made fierce by suckling her cubs; a wolf enraged by the gnawings of hunger.

[3] *Note* for *notice*, *knowledge*, or *observation;* referring to "I do *know* you." Shakespeare repeatedly uses *note* thus. Here, as in divers other places, *commend* has the sense of *commit*. See vol. vii. page 183, note 16.

[4] "Who seem the servants of Albany and Cornwall, but are really engaged in the service of France as spies, gathering and conveying information of all that is done here." *Intelligent* here carries the sense not only of *knowing*, but also of *giving intelligence; intelligencers.* — *Speculator* in the Latin sense of *observer* or *looker-on.*

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;[5]
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind King; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings.[6]
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom;[7] who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet[8]
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The King hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia, —
As fear not but you shall, — show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is[9]
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

[5] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

[6] That is, whereof these things are but the trimmings or appendages; not the thing itself, but only the circumstances or *furniture* of the thing.

[7] That is, having its *military force* scattered; or, perhaps, *distracted* by the feud between Albany and Cornwall.

[8] Have *secret footing;* have *landed secretly.* — *At point*, next line, is *ready* or *prepared; on the point of showing*, as we should say.

[9] *Fellow* was often used for *companion.*

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we've found the King, — in which your pain
That way, I'll this,[10] — he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR *and the* FOOL.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes,[1] spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,[2]
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack Nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,[3]
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water[4] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

10 "In which search you take pains in that direction, and I will in this."

1 *Hurricano* was the seaman's term for what we call a *water-spout.* So in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2: "Not the dreadful spout, which shipmen do the *hurricano* call, constringed in mass by the almighty Sun, shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear in his descent," &c. — A *cataract* is any flood of falling water, whether from the sky or over a precipice.

2 *Thought-executing* may mean acting with the swiftness of thought, or executing the thoughts of Jupiter *Tonans.* — *Vaunt-couriers* originally meant the foremost scouts of an army, as lightning foreruns thunder.

3 There is a parallel passage in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3: "Let Nature crush the sides o' the Earth together, and mar the *seeds* within."

4 *Court holy-water* is fair words and flattering speeches. So Chillingworth, in one of his sermons: "Can any man think so unworthily of our Saviour, as to esteem these words of His for no better than *compliment?* for nothing but *court holy-water?*"

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription:[5] then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this! O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece[6] that will house
  Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
  So beggars marry many.[7]
The man that makes his toe
  What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry *Woe!*[8]
  And turn his sleep to wake:

[5] Are under no oath or obligation of service of kindness to me. Referring to the binding force of one's signature. See page 23, note 5.

[6] *Codpiece* was the coarse name given to an indelicate part of masculine attire, now out of use. It was very conspicuous, and was used for sticking pins and carrying the purse in, &c. See vol. ii. page 41, note 26.

[7] I am not clear whether this means that many beggars marry, or that a beggar has many bedfellows. Pehaps the saying of Sir Hugh Evans will fit the case: "The dozen white louses do become an old coat well: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love."

[8] A covert allusion to the King. Making the heart and the toe change places with each other is the Fool's characteristic figure for such an inversion of things as Lear has made in setting his daughters above himself. Perhaps Mr. Furness's comment is right: "The meaning, if it be worth a search, seems to be this: 'A man who prefers or cherishes a mean member in place of a vital one shall suffer enduring pain where others would suffer merely a twinge.' Lear had preferred Regan and Goneril to Cordelia."

for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.[9]

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's Grace and a cod-piece;[10] that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow[11] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction nor the fear.[12]

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;

[9] This is the Fool's way of diverting attention after he has said something a little too pointed: the idea of a very pretty woman making faces in a looking-glass raises a smile. — FURNESS.

[10] Meaning the King and himself; *Grace* being a common title of royalty. — "Shakespeare," says Douce, "has with some humour applied *cod-piece* to the Fool, who was usually provided with this unseemly part of dress in a more remarkable manner than other persons."

[11] To *gallow* is to *frighten*, to *terrify*. The word is exceedingly rare; though the form *gally* is said to be used in the West of England. And Huntley, in his *Glossary of the Cotswold Dialect*, has "Gallow. To alarm; to frighten."

[12] *Affliction* for *infliction;* then equivalent terms. Man's nature cannot endure the infliction, nor even the fear of it. So in the Prayer-Book: "Defend us from all dangers and mischiefs, and from the fear of them."

Thou perjured, and thou simular[13] of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents,[14] and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.[15] I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious.[16] Come, your hovel.—
Poor Fool and knave, I've one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Sings.]

He that has and[17] *a little tiny wit,*

[13] *Simular* for *simulator*. A simulator is one who puts on the show of what he is not, as a *dissimulator* puts off the show of what he is.

[14] *Continent* for that which *contains* or *encloses*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14: "Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent*."

[15] *Summoners* are officers that summon offenders for trial or punishment. To *cry grace* is to beg for mercy or pardon. Lear is regarding the raging elements as the agents or representatives of the gods, calling criminals to judgment.

[16] An allusion to alchemy, which was supposed to have the power of transmuting vile metals into precious, as lead into gold.

[17] In old ballads, *and* is sometimes, as here, apparently redundant, but adds a slight force to the expression, like *even*.

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

**Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a courtezan. I'll *speak a prophecy ere I go:

*When priests are more in word than matter;
*When brewers mar their malt with water;
*When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
*No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
*When every case in law is right;
*No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
*When slanders do not live in tongues;
*Nor cutpurses[18] come not to throngs;
*When usurers tell[19] their gold i' the field;
*And bawds and whores do churches build;
*Then shall the realm of Albion
*Come to great confusion:
*Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
*That going shall be used with feet.

*This prophecy Merlin shall make;[20] for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

18 *Cutpurses* were the same as what we call *pickpockets.*

19 To *tell,* again, in the old sense of to *count.* See page 65, note 9.

20 Merlin was a famous prophet in the Druidical mythology of ancient Britain, who did divers wonderful things "by his deep science and Hell-dreaded might." Some of his marvels are sung in *The Faerie Queene,* iii. 2, 13–21. Part of his prophecy, which the Fool here anticipates, is given in Puttenham's *Art of Poetry,* 1589.

SCENE III. — *A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glos. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glos. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken: I have lock'd the letter in my closet. These injuries the King now bears will be revenged home;[1] there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the King. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee![2] shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

[1] Here, as often, *home* has the sense of *thoroughly, to the utmost.* So, again, in the next scene: "But I will punish *home.*" See, also, vol. vii. page 154, note 38.

[2] "*Forbid* thee" I take to mean "*A curse upon* thee," or like our phrase, "*Confound* you." So in *Macbeth,* i. 3, we have "He shall live a man *forbid*"; that is, shall live *under a curse* or *an interdict;* pursued by an evil fate. Mr. Crosby, however, takes *forbid* in the sense merely of *forbidden,* and as agreeing with *courtesy.* In this case, the reference of course would be to the aid and comfort which Gloster resolves to give the old King, notwithstanding the threats of Cornwall and Regan. It may be so: but does not this make the sense too tame?

That which my father loses, — no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Heath, near a Hovel. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and the* FOOL.[3]

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But, if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more. In such a night

[3] O, what a world's convention of agonies is here! All external Nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed, — the real madness of Lear, the feigned madness of Edgar, the babbling of the Fool, the desperate fidelity of Kent, — surely such a scene was never conceived before or since! Take it but as a picture for the eye only, it is more terrific than any which a Michael Angelo, inspired by a Dante, could have conceived, and which none but a Michael Angelo could have executed. Or let it have been uttered to the blind, the howlings of nature would seem converted into the voice of conscious humanity. — COLERIDGE.

To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure; —
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all, —
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in. —
In, boy; go first. — You houseless poverty, —
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. —
[*The* Fool *goes in.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd [4] raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the Heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR *disguised as a madman.*

[4] *Loop'd* and *window'd* is full of *holes* and *apertures*. The allusion is to loop-holes, such as are found in ancient castles, and designed for the admission of light and air.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me![5]

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.

Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[6]

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire;[7] that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;[8] made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits![9] Tom's a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de.[10] Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking![11] Do poor Tom some charity, whom

5 Edgar's assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In Edgar's ravings Shakespeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view; in Lear's, there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression. — COLERIDGE.

6 This appears to have been a sort of proverbial phrase. Shakespeare has it again in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Staunton quotes, from *The Spanish Tragedy*, "What outcries pluck me from my *naked* bed?" and says, "The phrase *to go to a cold bed* meant only to *go cold to bed; to rise from a naked bed* signified to *get up naked from bed.*"

7 Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction.

8 Fiends were commonly represented as thus tempting the wretched to suicide. So in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604: "Swords, poisons, halters, and envenomed steel are laid before me, to dispatch myself."

9 The five senses were sometimes called the *five wits*. And the mental powers, being supposed to correspond in number to the senses, were called the *five wits* also. The reference here is, probably, to the latter.

10 These syllables are probably meant to represent the chattering of one who shivers with cold.

11 To *take* is to strike with malignant influence. So in ii. 4 of this play: "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness!"

the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his únkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.[12]

Edg. *Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:*[13]
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap;[14] served the lust of

[12] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. The allusions to this fable are very numerous in old writers.

[13] In illustration of this, Mr. Halliwell has pointed out the following couplet in *Gammer Gurton's Garland:*

> Pillycock, Pillycock sat on a hill;
> If he's not gone, he sits there still.

[14] *Gloves* were anciently worn in the cap, either as the favour of a mistress, or as the memorial of a friend, or as a badge to be challenged.

my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of Heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk: false of heart, light of ear,[15] bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,[16] thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;
Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny:
Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by.[17]

[Storm still.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated![18] Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man

15 *Light of ear* means "sinning with the ear"; that is, greedy or credulous of slanders and malicious reports, or of obscene talk.

16 Upon this troublesome word Mr. Grant White comments as follows: "It is clear that the placket, in Shakespeare's time and after, was an article of female apparel so secret as not to admit description, and so common as not to require it; and that, consequently, the thing having passed out of use, the word *stat nominis umbra*." See vol. vii. page 221, note 34.

17 Much effort has been made to explain this strain of jargon; but it probably was not meant to be understood, its sense lying in its having no sense. And Edgar's counterfeit seems to proceed in part by stringing together odds and ends of old ballads, without connection or intelligible purpose. *Sessa* is elsewhere used by the Poet for *cease* or *be quiet*. *Dolphin* is the old form of *Dauphin*; and "Dolphin my boy, my boy, cease, let him trot by" is the burden of a ridiculous old song.

18 Meaning himself, Kent, and the Fool; and they three are sophisticated out of nature in wearing clothes. Therefore, to become unsophisticated, he will off with his "lendings," and be as Edgar is.

is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:[19] he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,[20] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of Earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the 'old;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,[21]
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee![22]

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Enter GLOSTER *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

[19] The names of this fiend and most of the fiends mentioned by Edgar were found in Harsnet's book. It was an old tradition that spirits were relieved from confinement at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of the day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest*, they are said to "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew."

[20] "The web and the pin" is thus explained in Florio's *Dictionary*: "*Cataratta*, — a dimnesse of sight occasioned by humores hardned in the eies, called a Cataract, or a pin and a web." Also in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "*Taye*, — any filme, or thinne skinne, &c.; and hence a pin or web in th' eye, a white filme overgrowing the eye."

[21] Who Saint Withold was is uncertain. — *Wold* is a plain open country, whether hilly or not; formerly spelt *old*, *ould*, and *wold*, indifferently. *Nine-fold* is put for *nine foals*, to rhyme with *wold*. The *troth-plight* here referred to was meant as a charm against the *night-mare*.

[22] There is some diversity of opinion as to the origin and meaning of *aroint*. In *Macbeth*, i. 3, "*Aroint* thee, witch," seems to be used as a charm against witchcraft; and the angry threatenings of the Witch at having it pronounced to her look as if she had been baffled by it. So that the more likely meaning seems to be, *stand off* or *be gone*.

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glos. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water;[23] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd;[24] who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.[25]

Beware my follower. — Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glos. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. *The prince of darkness is a gentleman;*
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.[26]

Glos. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

[23] The wall-newt and the water-newt; small lizards.

[24] "From *tything* to *tything*" is from *parish* to *parish*. The severities inflicted on the wretched beings, one of whom Edgar is here personating, are set forth in Harrison's *Description of England:* "The rogue being apprehended, committed to prison, and tried at the next assizes, if he be convicted for a vagabond, he is then adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron, as a manifestation of his wicked life, and due punishment received for the same."

[25] This couplet is founded on one in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, who was confined seven years in a dungeon:

Rattes and myce and such smal dere
Was his meate that seven yere.

[26] So in Harsnet's *Declaration:* "*Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend, called *Modu*." Again the said Richard Mainy deposes: "Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of devils, whose name should be *Modu*." — The two lines conclude a catch in *The Goblins*, a piece ascribed to Sir John Suckling.

That it doth hate what gets it.[27]

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glos. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learnèd Theban.—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glos. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, [*Storm continues.*
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!—
I do beseech your Grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,[28] sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

[27] Gloster here alludes to his son Edgar, as well as to Lear's daughters; and this makes Edgar the more anxious for his disguise, lest his feelings should mar his counterfeiting. Hence he exclaims, "Poor Tom's a-cold."

[28] "I cry you mercy" is an old phrase for "I ask your pardon."

Glos. In, fellow, there, into the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glos. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glos. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. *Child Roland to the dark tower came;*
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.[29] [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by reprovable badness in himself.[1]

[29] Child Roland, that is, Knight Orlando, was reputed to be the youngest son of King Arthur. Edgar, it seems, purposely disjoints his quotations, or leaves their sense incomplete. In the ballad of *Jack and the Giants*, which, if not older than the play, may have been compiled from something that was so, a giant lets off this:

Fee, faw, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman:
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

[1] By a "provoking merit" Cornwall means, apparently, a *virtue apt to be provoked*, or *stirred into act;* which virtue was set to work by some flagrant evil in Gloster himself; and it was this, and not altogether a bad disposition

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just![2] This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.[3]

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — [*To* CORN.] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

in Edgar, that made Edgar seek the old man's life. *Provoking* for *provocable;* the active form with the passive sense. The Poet has a great many instances of such usage. Mr. Crosby, however, gives me a different interpretation; taking *merit* in the neutral sense of *desert*, as the word is sometimes so used. "It was not altogether your brother Edgar's evil disposition that made him seek his father's death: it was the old man's *desert* that *provoked* him to it; that is, the old man *deserved* it." Cornwall then attempts to soften his remark by saying that this "provoking merit" was set at work by a reprovable badness in Edgar himself; using the mild term *reprovable* in connection with the unfilial badness of a son in seeking his father's death, even though the father deserved it.

2 "*To be* just" is another instance of the infinitive used gerundively, and is equivalent to *of being* just. See page 68, note 16.

3 The "mighty business in hand" is a war; as the "paper" in question is a letter informing Gloster that an army had landed from France.

SCENE VI. — *A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, *the* Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glos. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. — Pray, innocent,[1] and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yoeman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yoeman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.[2]

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em, —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight. —
[*To* EDGAR.] Come, sit thou here, most learnèd justicer; [3] —

[1] Rabelais says that Nero was a fiddler in Hell, and Trajan an angler. The history of Gargantua appeared in English before 1575. *Fools* were anciently termed *innocents.*

[2] A rather curious commentary on some of the Poet's own doings; who obtained from the Heralds' College a coat-of-arms in his father's name; thus getting his yeoman father dubbed a gentleman, in order, no doubt, that himself might inherit the rank.

[3] *Justicer* is the older and better word for what we now call a justice.

[*To the* Fool.] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. — Now, you she foxes ! —

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares ! — Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?[4]

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.[5]

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. — Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed :
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. —Bring in the evidence. —
[*To* EDGAR.] Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place ; —
[*To the* Fool.] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. — [*To* KENT.] You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shephèrd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;

[4] When Edgar says, " Look, where he stands and glares ! " he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. " Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ? " is addressed to some visionary person who is supposed, apparently, to be on trial, but does not see the spectre.

[5] *Bourn* here means a brook or rivulet, as streams of all sorts were apt to be taken for *boundaries.* These four lines are probably from an old song, which was imitated by Birch in his *Dialogue between Elizabeth and England ;* the imitation beginning thus :

Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,
Sweet Bessy, come over to me ;
And I shall thee take, and my dear lady make
Before all that ever I see.

And for one blast of thy minikin[6] *mouth*
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.[7]

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.[8]

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. — Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?[9]

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! — Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

6 *Minikin* was a term of fondness or endearment. Baret's *Alvearie* has "neate, fresh, pretie, fine, *minikin*, tricke and trimme."

7 The meaning of *Pur* is any thing but obvious. But *Purre* is the name of a devil in Harsnet. So perhaps the name suggests the purring of a cat, and of a cat *too old to sing*.

8 This appears to have been a proverbial expression. It occurs again, somewhat modified, in *1 King Henry IV.*, ii. 4: "Thy state is taken for a joint-stool." It is also met with in various other old writings. It was the name of what we call a *folding-chair*; a chair with a *joint* in it.

9 It does not seem probable that Shakespeare wished to represent Lear as the subject of so extreme an hallucination as that his daughters were present, in their own figure and appearance, and that one of them escaped. It is more probable that he wished to represent them, personified by the excited imagination, in the form of stools; and that Kent or Edgar, seeing the bad effects which this vivid personification was working, snatched away one of the stools; and this produces the passionate explosion on Regan's supposed escape. — DR. BUCKNILL.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. — Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,[10]
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. — Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.[11]

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that makes these hard hearts? — [*To* EDGAR.] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.[12]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains. So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.[13]

10 A *lym* or *lyme* was a *hound;* sometimes also called a *limmer* or *leamer;* from the *leam* or *leash,* in which he was held till he was let slip.

11 A *horn* was usually carried by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him. So Edgar begs to have his horn filled.

12 Lear is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar's mad companionship. It is only after the Fool has disappeared, — gone to sleep at midday, as he says, — and Edgar has left, to be the guide of his blind father, that the King becomes absolutely wild and incoherent. Few things tranquillize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable; but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius or by the information of experience, Shakespeare appears to have been aware. — DR. BUCKNILL.

13 These words are the last we have from the Fool. They are probably meant as a characteristic notice that the poor fellow's heart is breaking.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Come hither, friend; where is the King my master?
Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not; his wits are gone.
Glos. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assurèd loss: take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.
Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience [14] will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.[15] — [*To the* Fool.] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.
Glos. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, *and the* Fool, *bearing off* LEAR.
**Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,
*We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
*Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
*Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
*But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

[14] *Convenience* is here meant as a word of four syllables, and must be so in order to fill up the verse. In like manner, the Poet repeatedly uses *conscience* and *patience* as trisyllables. Generally, indeed, in Shakespeare's time, the ending *-ience* was used by the poets as two syllables or as one, according to the occasion of their verse.

[15] That is, *can hardly be cured.* Similarly a little before: "Stand in assurèd loss." And a like phrase occurs in *Othello*, ii. 1: "Therefore my hopes, not suffocate to death, *stand in bold cure.*"

*When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
*How light and portable my pain seems now,
*When that which makes me bend makes the King bow;
*He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
*Mark the high noises;[16] and thyself bewray,
*When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
*In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
*What will hap more to-night,[17] safe 'scape the King!
*Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. — *A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. — Seek out the traitor Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the* Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. — Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate[1] preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. — Farewell, dear sister; — farewell, my Lord of Gloster.[2] —

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the King?

16 The great events that are at hand; the exciting sounds of war.

17 The meaning is, "*Whatsoever else* may happen to-night."

1 *Festinate* is *speedy.* Not used again by the Poet, though he has *festinately* in the same sense.

2 Meaning Edmund, who is now invested with his father's titles. Oswald, speaking immediately after, refers to the father by the same title.

Osw. My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists[3] after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,[4]
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armèd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—

[*Exeunt* GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* OSWALD.

Go seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.—

[*Exeunt other* Servants.

Though well we may not pass[5] upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a curtsy to our wrath,[6] which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there? the traitor?

Re-enter Servants *with* GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky[7] arms.

Glos. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glos. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

[REGAN *plucks his beard.*

[3] *Questrists* for *pursuers;* those who go in *quest* of any thing.

[4] These are probably lords dependent on the Earl of Gloster. I formerly thought them to be some of the King's proper retinue; but Mr. Furness gives such reasons for thinking otherwise, that I gladly stand corrected.

[5] That is, pass *sentence* or *judgment.* To *pass* was often used thus.

[6] Shall *bend* to our wrath; *wait upon* it or be its servant.

[7] *Corky* means *dry, withered,* or *shrivelled* with age.

Glos. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glos. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken,[8] and accuse thee. I'm your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours[9]
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic King?
Speak.
Glos. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?
Glos. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover?—Let him answer that.
Glos. I'm tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.[10]
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glos. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,

[8] That is, will *become alive*, or *assume life*. The old sense of *quick*.

[9] Here, as often, *favours* is *features*.

[10] An allusion to bear-baiting, where the custom was to chain a bear to a post, and then set the dogs on him. See vol. xiv. page 88, note 10.

And quench'd the stellèd fires:[11] yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key.*
All cruels else subscribe, but I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.[12]

Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair!—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glos. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

1 Serv. Hold your hand, my lord!
I've served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

1 Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws.*

1 Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Draws. They fight.* CORNWALL *is wounded.*

11 "The *stellèd* fires" are the *starry* lights; *stella* being the Latin for *star.*—Heath says, "The verb *buoy up* is here used as a verb deponent, or as the middle form of the Greek verbs, to signify *buoy* or *lift itself up.*"

12 *Cruels*, probably, for *cruelties*, or *acts of cruelty; subscribe* an imperative verb, with *cruels* for its object; and *but* with the force of *if not*, like the Latin *nisi.* So that the meaning probably is, "Subscribe thou, that is, underwrite, guarantee, make good, all other deeds or instances of cruelty, if I do not see," &c. In other words, "If swift retribution be not seen to catch you for what you have done, then do not scruple to go security, to stand sponsor for all possible strains of inhumanity." The Poet has many words shortened in like manner; as *dispose* for *disposition, suspects* for *suspicions, characts* for *characters*, &c. He also has many instances of *but* used in that way. So in *Othello*, iii. 3: "Perdition catch my soul, *but* I do love thee!" See, also, vol. iii. page 153, note 19.

Reg. Give me thy sword. — A peasant stand up thus!
[*Seizes a sword, and runs at him behind.*

1 Serv. O, I am slain! — My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. — O! [*Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. — Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?[13]

Glos. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund? —
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit[14] this horrid act!

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture[15] of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glos. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abused. —
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. — How is't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady. —
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — Regan, I bleed apace;

13 The shocking savagery here displayed is commented on by Coleridge thus: "I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic." And again: "What shall I say of this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakespeare wrong, and yet —" Professor Dowden remarks as follows: "The treachery of Edmund, and the torture to which Gloster is subjected, are out of the course of familiar experience; but they are commonplace and prosaic in comparison with the inhumanity of the sisters, and the agony of Lear. When we have climbed the steep ascent of Gloster's mount of passion, we see still above us another *via dolorosa* leading to that 'wall of eagle-baffling mountain, black, wintry, dead, unmeasured,' to which Lear is chained. Thus the one story of horror serves as a means of approach to the other, and helps us to conceive its magnitude."

14 *Quit* for *requite* is very frequent in Shakespeare.

15 *Overture*, here, is *revealment* or *disclosure*.

Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN. — *Some of the* Servants *unbind* GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*

2 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

3 Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.[16]

2 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

3 Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
T' apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, unknown, to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,

[16] The Poet might have justified the act by the supposed barbarity of the legendary age whose manners he was tracing, and urged that their familiarity with such acts prevented the actors in them from recognizing the horrible. No such thing. By inserting in the group a servant who *did* recognize its intrinsic horror, and compassionated the sufferer, he converted disgust into pity. The valiant menial revenges on the spot the wrong done to humanity. The other servants also compassionate the blind old man, to lead him out, to help him, to heal his wounds, and to place him in safe custody. The entire current of feeling is turned in the direction of pity by the force of sympathy. Thus the horror in the 'horrid act' is mitigated, and reduced to the level of terror. — HERAUD.

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,[1]
Stands still in esperance,[2] lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter.[3] Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.[4] But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an Old* Man.

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.[5]

Old Man. O, my good lord,
I've been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Glos. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glos. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our maims secure us, and our mere [6] defects
Prove our commodities. — O dear son Edgar,

1 "Dejected thing of fortune" is thing *cast down by* fortune.

2 *Esperance* is *hope;* from the French. Used repeatedly by the Poet.

3 Because, when the worst has come, there can be no further change but for the better. *Laughter* is an instance of the effect put for the cause.

4 "Is not indebted to thy blasts for any favour shown him: they have done their worst upon him, and so absolved him from all obligations."

5 The meaning seems to be, "Did not thy calamitous reverses make life a burden, old age would never be reconciled or resigned to death."

6 Shakespeare repeatedly has *very* in the sense of *mere:* here he has *mere* in the sense of *very.* — *Maim* was often used for any defect, blemish, or imperfection, whether "in mind, body, or estate." So Hooker, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book V., Sect. 65: "If men of so good experience and insight in the *maims* of our weak flesh, have thought," &c. Also, Sect. 24: "In a minister ignorance and disability to teach is a *maim*."

The food of thy abusèd[7] father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I'm at the worst?*
I'm worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say *This is the worst.*[8]

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glos. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glos. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind;[9] and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I've heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play Fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.[10] — Bless thee, master!

[7] *Abused* for *deceived* or *deluded.* A frequent usage.

[8] Because we must still be living, else we could not speak. Edgar at first thinks his condition already as bad as it can be: then the sight of his eyeless father adds a further woe; and now he concludes death to be the worst.

[9] This remembrance without recognition is a delectable touch of nature. Shakespeare has the same thing in several other cases; particularly the disguised Rosalind in the Forest of Arden, and the disguised Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, v. 5. See vol. vii. page 254, note 16.

[10] *Angering* in the sense of *grieving;* a common use of *anger* in the Poet's time. The word is doubtless from the same root, and has the same radical sense, as the Latin *angere.* "*Angaria,*" says Richardson, "in Mid-Latin, was used for any vexation, trouble, distress, or anxiety of mind. So *anger*, in our old writers, was applied to any vexation, or distress, or uneasi-

Glos. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glos. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glos. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.[11]

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glos. Sirrah, naked fellow, —

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. — [*Aside.*] I cannot daub[12] it further.

Glos. — Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must. — Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glos. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; as Obidicut, of lust; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder;

ness of mind or body." See, also, vol. xi. page 192, note 2. — "Playing the Fool to sorrow" means, apparently, acting the Fool's part, to divert off distressing thoughts, or to turn grief into laughter; which may well be painful to both parties. Any attempt to cheer the despondent by forced or affected mirth is apt to have the opposite effect.

11 This is said because Gloster is anxious for the old man's safety.

12 To *daub* was sometimes used for to *disguise.* So in *King Richard III.*, iii. 5: "So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with show of virtue." And in like sort the Poet has *daubery* for *imposture.*

Stiberdigebit, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waitingwomen.[13] So, bless thee, master!

Glos. Here, take this purse, thou whom the Heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. — Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous[14] and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,[15] that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glos. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

13 "If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her roll her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow and mop* like an ape, then no doubt the young girle is owle-blasted, and *possessed.*" So says Harsnet. — To *mop* is to *mock*, to *chatter;* to *mow* is to *make mouths*, to *grimace.*

14 *Superfluous*, here, probably means *over-clothed.* Gloster is thinking of those who live but to eat and drink, and to wear clothes and look fine; thus inverting the just order of things.

15 To *slave* an ordinance is to make it subject to our pleasure, to *be-slave* it, instead of obeying it as law. So Middleton, in *The Roaring Girl:* "Fortune, who *slaves* men, was my slave."

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of* ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord:[1] I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse:* of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. [*To* EDM.] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer.[2] Our wishes on the way
May prove effects.[3] Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you're like to hear,

[1] This is in proper sequel to the opening of the last scene of Act iii.: where Cornwall sends Edmund to escort Goneril home. She is now sweetly welcoming her escort to her palace, and inviting him to "walk in."

[2] The meaning is, that Albany, in his cowardice, *ignores* such wrongs and insults as a man of spirit would energetically resent; thus skulking from danger under a feigned insensibility.

[3] Those wishes of course were, that her ladyship were a widow, or at least free of marriage-bonds. She meditates killing her husband.

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head:[4] this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit* EDMUND.
O, the difference of man and man! To thee
A woman's services are due: my fool
Usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.[5]

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;[6]
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.[7]

[4] She bids him decline his head, that she may give him a kiss, and yet make Oswald believe she is whispering to him. Professor Dowden justly observes that, "to complete the horror they produce in us, these monsters are amorous. Their love is even more hideous than their hate."

[5] Alluding to the proverb, "It is a poor dog that is not *worth the whistling.*" Goneril thinks that her husband, knowing of her coming, ought to have sallied forth, with a retinue, to give her a grand "welcome home."

[6] The meaning is, that the person who has reached such a pitch of unnaturalness as to scorn his parents, and trample on their infirmities, cannot be restrained within any certain bounds: there is nothing too bad for him to do. If Goneril will kill her father, whom will she not kill?

[7] "Alluding," says Warburton, "to the use that witches and enchanters

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves.[8] What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious agèd man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear[9] would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the Heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.[10]

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumèd helm thy state begins to threat;

are said to make of *withered branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the Poet to her plotting with Edmund against her husband's life." — "Come to *deadly* use" is, be put to *fatal* or *destructive* use, as being good only for the Devil to make an instrument of. — "Material sap" is the sap that supplies the *matter* of life, the food.

8 That is, filths have a taste for nothing but filth, nothing but what is like themselves. "Birds of a feather flock together."

9 "*Head-lugg'd* bear" probably means a bear made savage by having his head *plucked* or *torn*.

10 If the gods do not avenge these crimes, the crimes will avenge themselves by turning men into devourers of one another, or by inspiring humanity with a rage of self-destruction. A profound truth, and as awful as it is profound! often exemplified, too, in human history.

Whilst thou, a moral fool,[11] sitt'st still, and criest
Alack, why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity shows not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.[12]

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changèd and sex-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature![13] Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er[14] thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;

11 By "a *moral* fool," this intellectual girl means a *moralizing* fool; one who spins pious yarns about duty, and shirks the offices of manhood.

12 The deformity, or depravity, of the fiend is proper to him, is his own, and in keeping with the rest of his being, so that the inside and outside agree together; and therefore is less horrid than when it is covered with a woman's shape: for to have the shape of a woman and the heart of a fiend, or to transfuse the inside of the one into the outside of the other, is in the fullest sense unnatural and monstrous; and she who so translates her inner self literally be-monsters her proper make-up, her womanhood.

13 *Cover'd* in the sense of *shielded* or *defended.* So that the meaning is the same as "howe'er thou art a fiend, a *woman's* shape doth *shield* thee." —*Changèd* is *transformed.* Albany seems to regard his wife as having *disnatured* her inner self from what he had seen or supposed her to be.—Here, as in one or two other places, *feature* seems to have very much the sense of its Latin original, *facere*, and so to stand for *nature, make, selfhood,* or *constitutive propriety*, as set forth in the preceding note. See vol. v. page 69, note 2. As Goneril is well endowed with formal beauty, her moral deformity, or her be-devilled inside, only renders her the more hideous to the inward eye.—For the matter of this note, as also of the preceding, I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Crosby.—See Critical Notes.

14 *However* has here the force of *although.* Often so.

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,[15]
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;[16]
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! — But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. —
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life:[17] another way
The news is not so tart. — I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

[15] Here, as usual in Shakespeare, *remorse* is *pity* or *compassion*.

[16] This may seem inconsistent with the matter as represented in a former scene, but it is not really so; for, though Regan thrust the servant with a sword, a wound before received from Cornwall may have caused his death.

[17] Goneril likes this well, inasmuch as she has now but to make away with her sister and her husband by poison, and then the whole kingdom will be hers to share with Edmund, whom she intends to marry: but, on the other hand, Regan, being now a widow, and having Edmund with her, may win him by holding out a more practicable match; and so the castle which Goneril has built in imagination may rush down upon her own head. "Building *in* my fancy" for building *of* my fancy.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The French Camp near Dover.*

Enter Kent *and a* Gentleman.[1]

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to th' kingdom so much fear and danger, that
His personal return was most required
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

[1] This is the same Gentleman whom in a previous scene Kent dispatched to Dover, with letters for Cordelia. See page 78, note 3.

Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like: a better way,[2] — those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief, sir, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?[3]

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not believe it! There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes;
And, clamour-moisten'd,[4] then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;[5]
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressèd Lear's i' the town;

[2] That is, her smiles and tears were like sunshine and rain at once; the sense being completed at *like*. He then proceeds to say the same thing again, in what he regards as "a better way." — *Smilets* is a diminutive of *smiles*: *semi-smiles* is nearly the force of it.

[3] *Question* for *expression* or *utterance*. It is often met with in the kindred sense of *talk* or *conversation*. See vol. v. page 112, note 26.

[4] An odd and not very happy expression; but meaning, apparently, that she wept aloud, or that her crying was drenched with tears.

[5] *Condition*, as usual, for *temper* or *disposition*. As Cordelia and her sisters had the same father and mother, Kent can only account for the difference in them by the effects of "spherical predominance." See vol. vii. page 148, note 21.

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him:[6] his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, *a* Doctor, *and* Soldiers.

Cord. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.[1] — A century send forth;

[6] There has been some strange stumbling at this innocent expression. I take the meaning to be, a *predominant* shame so *digs him in the side*. And why not such a metaphor, to express the action of shame?

[1] Called *sustaining*, probably because it sustains or feeds us, and so

Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.] — What can
man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereavèd sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples[2] operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cord. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the Earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! — Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cord. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. — *O dear father,
*It is thy business that I go about;
*Therefore great France
*My mourning and important[3] tears hath pitied.

makes an apt antithesis to *idle weeds*, — *idle* as being *useless*. — A *century* is, properly, a troop of a *hundred* men. Hence the commander of such a troop was called a *centurion*.

[2] *Simples* properly meant medicinal *herbs*, but was used for *medicines* in general. — Upon this remarkable passage Dr. A. O. Kellogg comments as follows: "This reply is significant, and worthy of careful attention, as embracing a brief summary of almost the only true principles recognized by modern science, and now carried out by the most eminent physicians in the treatment of the insane."

[3] *Important* for *importunate*. See vol. iv. page 173, note 4.

*No blown[4] ambition doth our arms incite,
*But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
*Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in* GLOSTER'S *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado.
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charged my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something — I know not what: I'll love thee much;
Let me unseal the letter.

[4] *Blown*, here, is *swollen*, *inflated*, *puffed*. See vol. v. page 181, note 8.

Osw. Madam, I had rather —
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I'm sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œilliads [1] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmnnd. I know you're of her bosom.[2]
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note: [3]
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.[4]
If you do find him, pray you, give him this; [5]
And, when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.[6]
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment [7] falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a Peasant.*

Glos. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

[1] *Eye-glances.* Cotgrave's *French Dictionary:* "Oeillade: An amorous looke, affectionate wink, wanton aspect, or passionate cast of the eye."

[2] In her *confidence;* or, as we should say, her bosom confidant.

[3] "Take note, or knowledge, of this." See page 78, note 3.

[4] "You may infer more than I have told you."

[5] Probably handing him a ring or some token for Edmund.

[6] Regan's cold, penetrating virulence is well shown in this. The plain English of it is, "Tell her to do her worst, and help herself, if she can."

[7] *Preferment* for *promotion* or *advancement.* Repeatedly so.

Glos. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glos. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glos. So may't be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

Glos. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,[1] dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;[2] her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd[3] idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

[1] In Shakespeare's time the cliffs of Dover were noted for the production of this plant. It is thus spoken of in Smith's *History of Waterford*, 1774: "Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country. It is terrible to see how people gather it, *hanging by a rope* several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air." It was made into a pickle and eaten as a relish.

[2] That is, her *cock-boat*. Hence the term *cock-swain*.

[3] *Unnumber'd* for *innumerable*; a frequent usage in old writers, and not without examples now. See page 43, note 34.

Topple down headlong.
Glos. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand. You're now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the Moon
Would I not leap upright.[4]
Glos. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glos. With all my heart.
Edg. [*Aside.*] Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glos. [*Kneeling.*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathèd part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.—
[GLOSTER *throws himself forward, and falls.*
[*Aside.*] And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life,[5] when life itself

[4] Heath's explanation is probably right: "This expression was purposely intended to heighten the horror of the description, and to affect the reader's imagination the more strongly. The spot is therefore represented as so extremely near the edge of the precipice, that there was the utmost hazard in leaping even upright upon it."

[5] *Conceit* in its old sense of *conception* or *imagination.*—*How* must here be taken as equivalent to *whether* or *but that.* So that the meaning comes something thus: "When one is thus longing to die, I do not know but that the mere imagination of such a leap, or such a fall, might be the death of

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. — Alive or dead?
Ho you, sir! friend! Hear you, sir? speak! —
[*Aside.*] Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives. —
What are you, sir?

Glos. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,[6] feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each[7] make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glos. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged[8] lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glos. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

him." This accords with what Edgar says a little after: "Thus might he pass indeed." So in the Poet's dedication of his *Venus and Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton: "I know not *how* I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship."

6 The substance called *gossamer* is formed of the collected webs of spiders. Some think it the down of plants; others the vapour arising from boggy or marshy ground in warm weather. The etymon of this word is said to be *summer goose* or *summer gauze*, hence "gauze o' the summer."

7 A strange expression, but meaning, perhaps, ten masts *joined each to the other*, or *drawn out* in length. This explanation may be justified by observing that *each* is from the Anglo-Saxon *eacan*, to *add*, to *augment*, or *lengthen*. *Eke*, sometimes spelt *eche*, is from the same source.

8 *Shrill* is *loud*, as in *Julius Caesar*, i. 2: "I hear a tongue, *shriller* than all the music, cry *Caesar!*" "Shrill-*gorged*" is *loud-throated*, or *loud-voiced*.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up: so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glos. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glos. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full Moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridgèd sea.[9]
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities,[10] have preserved thee.
Glos. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
The fiend, the fiend! he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. — But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.[11]
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himself: —

[9] *Whelk'd* is marked with protuberances. The *whelk* is a small shell-fish, so called, perhaps, because its shell is marked with convolved protuberant ridges. — The sea is *enridged* when blown into *waves.*

[10] *Men's impossibilities* are things that seem to men impossible. — The incident of Gloster being made to believe himself ascending, and leaping from the chalky cliff has always struck me as a very notable case of inherent improbability overcome in effect by opulence of description.

[11] *His* for *its,* referring to *sense.* Edgar is speaking of Lear's *dress,* and judges from this that he is not in his *safer sense;* that is, in his *senses.*

Edg. [*Aside.*] O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. — Nature's above art in that respect. — There's your press-money.[12] That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[13] — draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't. — There's my gauntlet! I'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown bills. — O, well flown, bird! — I' the clout, i' the clout! hewgh! — Give thc word.[14]

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glos. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, — with a white beard! — They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say *ay* and *no* to every thing that I said *ay* and *no* to, was no good divinity.[15] When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they

[12] Lear, I suppose, here imagines himself a recruiting officer, *impressing* men into the service, and paying them the bounty-money. — The sense of the preceding clause is, that he, being a king by nature or by birth, is not subject to legal or artificial control touching the matter in question.

[13] A *crow-keeper* is a thing to keep the crows off the corn; what we call a *scare-crow;* which was sometimes a figure of a man, with a cross-bow in his hands. — "Draw me a clothier's yard" means draw me an arrow *the length* of a clothier's yard; the force of an arrow depending on the length it was drawn in the bow.

[14] The old King is here raving of a challenge, a battle, of falconry, and archery, jumbled together in quick succession. When he says "There's my gauntlet," he is a champion throwing down his glove by way of challenge. When he says "Give the word," he is a sentinel on guard, demanding the watchword or countersign. *Brown bill* is an old term for a kind of *battle-axe;* here put for men armed with that weapon. *Well flown, bird,* was the falconer's expression when the hawk made a good flight. *The clout* is the *white mark* at which archers aim.

[15] To tie our assent and dissent entirely to another, to speak nothing but in echo of his *yes* and *no*, is the extreme of sycophancy; and may well be called "no good divinity."

are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glos. The trick[16] of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!
I pardon that man's life. — What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;[17]
That minces virtue,[18] and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name:
The fitchew nor the soilèd horse[19] goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,[20]

[16] *Trick* for *peculiarity* or *characteristic.* See vol. x. page 9, note 7.

[17] The order, according to the sense, is, "Whose face presages snow between her forks." The same thought is imaged with more delicacy in *Timon*, iv. 3: "Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap."

[18] That affects or puts on the coyness or modesty of virtue. Cotgrave explains *mineux-se*, "*Outward seeming*, also squeamish, quaint, coy, that *minces it* exceedingly." See vol. xii. page 208, note 1.

[19] The *fitchew* is the *pole-cat.* — *Soiled* is well explained by Heath: "A horse is said to be soiled when, after having been long stalled, he is turned out for a few weeks in the Spring, to take the first flush of the new grass, which both cleanses him and fills him with blood."

[20] *Inherit* in its old sense of *possess.* See vol. vii. page 85, note 31.

Beneath is all the fiends';
There's Hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! — Give me an ounce of civet,[21] good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glos. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glos. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. — Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glos. Were all the letters suns, I could not see.

Edg. [*Aside.*] I would not take this from report: it is
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glos. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O ho, are you there with me?[22] No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glos. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy,[23] which is the justice,

[21] *Civet* is the old name of a musky perfume; obtained from what is called the civet-cat. So, in iii. 4, Lear says to Edgar, "Thou owest the worm no silk, the *cat* no *perfume*."

[22] That is, "is that what you mean?" A like instance occurs in *As You Like It*, v. 2: "O, I know where you are": *where you are* for *what you mean*. So, in old language, to *go along with* one is to *understand* him.

[23] *Handy-dandy* is an old game of children; one child enclosing something in his hand, and using a sort of legerdemain, changing it swiftly from hand to hand, and then calling upon his playfellow to guess which hand it is in; the latter to have the thing, if he guesses right.

which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glos. Ay, sir,

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office. —

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her.—The usurer hangs the cozener.[24]
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:[25]
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. — Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now, now, now!
Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

Edg. [*Aside.*] O, matter and impertinency mix'd![26]
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster.
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We waul and cry.[27] I will preach to thee: mark.

[24] *Cozener* and to *cozen* were much used in the Poet's time, and are not entirely out of use yet. To *cozen* is to *cheat*, to *swindle*.

[25] The meaning is, "I will *cancel* their *disability*"; or, "I will *warrant* or *answer for* them."

[26] *Impertinency* in its old sense of *irrelevancy;* that which has no connection with the matter in hand.

[27] This may have been taken from Pliny, as translated by Holland: "Man alone, poor wretch, nature hath laid all naked upon the bare earth,

Glos. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. — 'Tis a good block:
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt:[28] I'll put't in proof;
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill![29]

Enter a Gentleman, *with* Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. — Sir,
Your most dear daughter —

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;
I'm cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,[30]
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying Autumn's dust.

even on his birthday to *cry and wrawle* presently from the very first houre that he is borne into this world."

[28] So in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1567: "He attyreth himself for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a payre of *shoes of felte*, leaste the noyse of his feete might discover his goinge." — When Lear goes to preaching he takes off his hat and holds it in his hand, as preachers were wont to do in the Poet's time. "'Tis a good *block*" doubtless refers to the *shape* or *form* of the *hat*. As he is holding the hat in his hand, or perhaps moulding it into some new shape, the thought strikes him what the hat is made of, and he starts off upon the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horses with *felt*. This use of *block* is well illustrated by a passage in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609: "That cannot observe the tune of his hatband, nor know what fashioned *block* is most kin to his head; for in my opinion the brain cannot chuse his *felt* well."

[29] This was the cry formerly in the English army when an onset was made on the enemy.

[30] Would turn a man all to brine; that is, to *tears*.

Gent. Good sir, —

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug[31] bridegroom. What! I will be jovial. Come, come, I am a king, My masters; know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't.[32] Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.[33]

[*Exit;* Attendants *follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar;[34] every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.[35]

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Glos. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

31 *Smug* is *spruce, trim, fine.* So in *The Merchant of Venice,* iii. 1: "A beggar, that was used to come so *smug* upon the mart."

32 There is hope in it yet; the case is not desperate.

33 These syllables are probably meant for Lear's panting as he runs.

34 *Vulgar* in its old sense of *common.* A frequent usage.

35 The main body is expected to be descried every hour. — "On speedy foot" is marching rapidly, or footing it fast.

Edg. Well pray you, father.[36]

Glos. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant[37] to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glos. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:[38] the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glos. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR *interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence!
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.[39] Nay, come not

[36] It was customary for young people to address an aged person as father or mother. Hence Edgar keeps addressing Gloster so without being recognized as his son.

[37] *Pregnant*, here, is *quick*, *prompt*, *ready*. Repeatedly so. — *Biding*, in the next line, is *lodging*, or *abiding-place*.

[38] "*Quickly* call to mind thy past offences, and repent."

[39] "If I could have been swaggered out of my life, 'twould not have been so long as it is by a fortnight."

near the old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder:[40] chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins.[41] [*They fight, and* EDGAR *knocks him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party.—O, untimely death! [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glos. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I'm only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

40 "Keep out, *I warn you*, or I'll try whether your *head* or my *cudgel* be the harder." Edgar here speaks the Somersetshire dialect.

41 *Foins* are *thrusts*, or passes in fencing. The Poet has the verb to *foin*.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will![42]
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother! — Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up,[43] the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glos. The King is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious[44] feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.[45]

Edg. Give me your hand:
[*Drum afar off.*
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

[42] *Undistinguish'd* for *indistinguishable*, as, before, *unnumber'd* for *innumerable*. The meaning probably is, that woman's will has no distinguishable bounds, or no assignable limits; there is no telling what she will do, or where she will stop.

[43] That is, "*cover* thee up." Singer says that in Staffordshire to *rake* the fire is to cover it for the night. So 'tis in New England.

[44] *Ingenious* is *intelligent, lively, acute.* Warburton says, "*Ingenious feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite."

[45] As the woes or sufferings of madmen are lost in imaginary felicities.

SCENE VII. — *A Tent in the French Camp.* LEAR *on a bed asleep, soft Music playing;* Doctor, Gentleman, *and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cord. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.[1]

Cord. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;[2]
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my main intent:[3]
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cord. Then be't so, my good lord. — [*To the* Doctor.]
How does the King?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cord. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature!
Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up

[1] "My reports are neither *exaggerated* nor *curtailed;* neither more nor less than the modest truth."

[2] "Better *suited*" is better *dressed.* — The Poet often has *memory* in the sense of *memorial* or *remembrancer.* See vol. v. page 34, note 3.

[3] That is, makes or will make me come short of it. Kent's thought is, that the being now known will cause him to fall short, not of his whole purpose, but of what he regards as the more important part of it, namely, a full restoration of things to the state they were in at the opening of the play; and that he can work better to this end by keeping up his disguise awhile longer. See page 62, note 30.

Of this child-changèd father![4]

Doct. So please your Majesty
That we may wake the King? he hath slept long.

Cord. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him:
I doubt not of his temperance.[5]

Cord. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there.[6]

Cord. O my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips;[7] and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear Princess!

Cord. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch — poor perdu! —
With this thin helm?[8] Mine enemy's dog,

[4] Meaning, of course, changed, made mad, by his children. So we have *care-crazed* for crazed by care, and *woe-wearied* for wearied by woe.

[5] *Temperance* in the classical sense of *self-government* or *self-control; calmness.* See vol. xi. page 88, note 26.

[6] Shakespeare considered *soft music* as favourable to sleep. Lear had been thus composed to rest; and now the Doctor desires *louder* music, for the purpose of waking him. See vol. xi. page 248, note 1.

[7] In "Thy medicine," *Thy* may refer either to *father* or to *restoration.* I understand it as referring to *father*: "*May* restoration hang thy medicine on my lips!" Some understand Cordelia as apostrophizing restoration.

[8] This thin *helmet* of "white flakes," or *gray hair.* The allusion is to the forlorn hope of an army, called in French *enfans perdus*; who, among other desperate services, often engage in night-watches. So in Beaumont and

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire;[9] and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.[10] — He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cord. How does my royal lord? how fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that[11] mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cord. Still, still, far wide!

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I'm mightily abused.[12] I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*: "I am set here like a *perdu*, to *watch* a fellow that has wronged my mistress."

9 Verplanck tells us that Jarvis, the American painter-artist, used often to quote this passage as accumulating in the shortest compass the greatest causes of dislike, to be overcome by good-natured pity. "It is not merely the personal enemy, for whom there might be human sympathy, that is admitted to the family fireside, but his dog, and that a dog that had inflicted his own share of personal injury, and that, too, upon a gentle being from whom it was not possible that he could have received any provocation."

10 *All* may here be taken as going with the subject: "'Tis wonder that thy life and wits had not all concluded" — *ended* — "at once." Probably, however, *all* is here put for *altogether*. Spenser very often has it so.

11 The Poet very often uses *that* for *so that*, or *insomuch that*.

12 To *lead astray* with illusions is an old meaning of *abuse*.

Cord. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:[13]
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly[14] ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cord. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cord. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cured in him: and yet 'tis danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.[15]

13 A parent's curse was a dreadful thing with our ancestors; and so Cordelia longs first of all to have her father revoke the curse he pronounced upon her in the opening of the play. She had not learned to act as if "a man were author of himself, and knew no other kin."

14 Shakespeare sometimes uses *mainly* for *greatly*, *strongly*, or *mightily*. See vol. xiv. page 279, note 1.

15 "Even o'er the time" here means *try to account for* the time, or to

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cord. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I'm old and foolish.[16]

[*Exeunt all but* KENT *and* Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly[17] wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

make the last day of his remembering tally or fit in with the present. — The late Dr. Brigham, with this speech in his eye, writes as follows: "Although near two centuries and a half have passed since Shakespeare thus wrote, we have very little to add to his method of treating the insane as thus pointed out. To produce sleep, and to quiet the mind by medical and moral treatment, to avoid all unkindness, and, when patients begin to convalesce, to guard, as he directs, against any thing likely to disturb their minds and to cause a relapse, is now considered the best and nearly the only essential treatment."

16 How beautifully the affecting return of Lear to reason, and the mild pathos of his speeches, prepare the mind for the last sad, yet sweet, consolation of the aged sufferer's death! — COLERIDGE.

17 *Throughly* where we should use *thoroughly*. See vol. xiv. page 273, note 24.

ACT V.

Scene I. — *The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course.[1] He's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted,[2] madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, — but truly, — but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?
Edm. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.[3]
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

[1] A military commander is apt, especially on the eve of a battle, to vary his orders frequently, or to give out an order one hour, and to countermand it the next, as he receives further intelligence of the enemy's movements. Hence, to his subordinates, he often seems not to know his own mind; and his second order appears to *reprove* his first.

[2] Here, as often, *doubted* has the sense of *feared.* The same with *doubtful* in the fifth speech below.

[3] Probably meaning, as far as she has any favours to bestow.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not.
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. —
Sir, this I hear: The King is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our State
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the King,[4] with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?[5]

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.[6]

Edm. I shall attend you[7] presently at your tent.

[4] To *bold* was sometimes used as a transitive verb for to *encourage* or *embolden.* Albany means that the invasion touches him, not as it is a befriending of the old King, and aims to reinstate him in the throne, but as it threatens the independence of the kingdom. — *With* has simply the force of *and*, connecting *others* and *King.*

[5] "Why is this *talked about?*" To *talk*, to *converse* is an old meaning of to *reason.* See vol. ix. page 267, note 46.

[6] This is meant as a proposal, or an order, to hold a council of *veteran* warriors for determining what course to pursue.

[7] Edmund means that he will soon *join* Albany at his tent, instead of going *along with* him. So the Poet often uses *attend.* In what follows,

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle. — I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. —
[*Exeunt all but* ALBANY *and* EDGAR.
Speak.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases.[8] Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.
[*Exit* EDGAR.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

Goneril lingers to keep with Edmund; and this at once starts Regan's suspicions. When Regan urges Goneril to go along with them, the latter instantly guesses the cause, — the *riddle*, — and replies, "I will go." Very intellectual ladies! "Dragons in the prime, that tear each other in their slime."

8 "All plottings or designs against your life have an end."

By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.[9] [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[10]
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking-off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend,[11] not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their* Forces; *and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host;[12] pray that the right may thrive:

[9] "We will be ready for the occasion, or at hand to welcome it."

[10] "I shall hardly be able to make out my game." In the language of the card-table, to *set up a side* was to become partners in a game; and to *carry out a side* was to win or succeed in the game.

[11] The meaning probably is, "for *it* stands upon me," that is, it concerns me, or is incumbent on me, "to defend my state." See vol. xiv. page 302, note 14.

[12] A rather strange use of *host;* but Shakespeare has at least two instances of *host* used as a verb for to *lodge.* See vol. iv. page 78, note 11.

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glos. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glos. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all.[13] Come on.

Glos. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The British Camp, near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *Prisoners;* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures[1] first be known
That are to censure them.

Cord. We're not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
*For thee, oppressèd King, am I cast down;
*Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

13 *Ripeness*, here, is *preparedness* or *readiness.* So Hamlet, on a like occasion, says "the *readiness* is all." And so the phrase, "Like a shock of corn *fully ripe.*"

1 "Their *greater pleasures*" means the pleasure of the *greater persons.* — Here, as usual, to *censure* is to *judge*, to *pass sentence.*

And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;[2]
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies:[3] and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects[4] of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' Moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes.[5] Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers shall devour them, flesh and fell,[6]
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note;[7] [*Giving a paper.*] go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

[2] The old King refers to the intrigues and rivalries, the plottings and counter-plottings of courtiers, to get ahead of each other in the sovereign's favour. The swift vicissitudes of *ins* and *outs* in Court life was a common theme of talk in the Poet's time.

[3] Meaning, no doubt, as Heath explains it, "spies commissioned and enabled by God to pry into the most hidden secrets."

[4] *Packs* and *sects* are much the same as what we call political *rings*. The radical meaning of *sect* is *section*; a faction or party,

[5] Alluding to the old practice of smoking foxes out of their holes.

[6] *Goujeer* was the name of what was often spoken of in the Poet's time as the French disease; a disease noted for its effects in *eating away* certain parts of the body. — *Fell* is an old word for *skin*.

[7] This is a warrant signed by Edmund and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, referred to afterwards.

To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employment
Will not bear question;[8] either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy[9] when thou hast done.
Mark, — I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.[10]

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If't be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,[11]
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,

[8] "The great employment now entrusted to thee will not admit of delay or scrupulous inquiry."

[9] Here, as often, *happy* is *fortunate;* like the Latin *felix.* "*Write* happy" is an old mode of speech, meaning *reckon* or *describe* yourself as a happy man. So, in *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2, Falstaff says of the Prince, "and yet he'll be crowing as if he *had writ man* ever since his father was a bachelor."

[10] What this refers to appears afterwards, in Edmund's last speech, "To lay the blame upon her own despair, that she fordid herself."

[11] *Strain* is repeatedly used in the sense of *turn, aptitude,* or *inborn disposition;* like the Latin *indoles.* See vol. vii. page 188, note 5.

And turn our impress'd lances[12] in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.[13]
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy[14] may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights
By me invested, he compeers the best.

[12] *Lances* for soldiers armed with lances, as, before, *brown-bills* for men armed with battle-axes.—*Impress'd* referring to the men's having been pressed into the service, and received the "press-money."

[13] In a war, even those of the victorious side, those who have the *best* of it, curse the quarrel at first, while they feel its sharpness in the loss of friends, or perhaps in their own wounds.

[14] This apt and forcible word is probably of the Poet's own coinage. Nares says that "the word, so far as is known, is peculiar to this passage." Of course the meaning is, that Edmund has his commission *directly* from her, and not *through* any one else; that is, he is *her* lieutenant, not Albany's. So in *Hamlet* we have "the most *immediate* to the throne." *Commission* is here used in the sense of *authority*.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.[15]

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach.[16] — General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; yea, all is thine:
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.[17]

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [*To* EDMUND.] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, hear reason. — Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to* GON.] — For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude![18]

15 Alluding to the proverb, "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *a-squint*." So in Milton's *Comus*: "And gladly banish *squint suspicion*."

16 Here, as often, *stomach* is *anger* or *resentment*.

17 Well explained by Ritson: "Albany tells his wife that, however she might want the *power*, she evidently did not want the *inclination*, to prevent the match." In other words, "I see *you* would willingly stop it, if you could." A taunt to his wife, equivalent to "You want him yourself."

18 This is intended sarcastically; as if Albany had got up a play or a scene for the entertainment of the company.

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster: let the trumpet sound.
If none appear, to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge: [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, — who not? — I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue;[19] for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent. —

[*Exit* REGAN, *led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald, — Let the trumpet sound, —
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

Her. [Reads.] *If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.*

19 *Virtue* is used in the old Roman sense; for *valour.*

Edm. Sound! [*First trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Second trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Third trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, and preceded by a* Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.[20]
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest, —
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, — thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head

[20] This is in accordance with the old ceremonial of the trial by combat in criminal cases. So stated in Selden's *Duello:* "The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshal demand by voice of herald, what he is, and why he comes so arrayed." The same ceremonial is followed in detail in *King Richard II.*, i. 3.

To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou *No,*
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;[21]
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say[22] of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay[23]
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which — for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise —
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.[24] — Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight:* EDMUND *falls.*

Gon. O, save him, save him! — This is practice,[25] Gloster:
By th' law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. — [*To* EDGAR.] Hold, sir! —

21 Because, if his adversary were not of equal rank, Edmund might decline the combat. See vol. x. page 211, note 5.

22 "Some *'say*," that is, *assay*, is some *taste*, some *smack*.

23 That is, "What I might safely well delay if I acted *punctiliously*." Such is one of the old meanings of *nicely*. If the language be taken strictly, Edmund is made to disdain and spurn the combat; which is clearly just the reverse of his meaning. Perhaps the best way is to understand the language as elliptical: "The trial, which I might well delay, I disdain and scorn *to delay*." See Critical Notes.

24 *To the place* where they shall rest for ever; that is, in Edgar's heart.

25 *Practice*, again, for *plot, stratagem, artifice*. See page 29, note 25. Other instances of the same have occurred in this play; such as "damnèd *practice*," and "he did bewray his *practice*."

[*To* GON.] Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't? [*Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! O!—
Know'st thou this paper? [*Offers the letter to* EDMUND.

Edm. Ask me not what I know.[26]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*

Edm. [*To* EDGAR.] What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'st wrongèd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

[26] Albany might well ask Edmund, "know'st thou this paper?" for, in fact, Goneril's letter did not reach Edmund; he had not seen it. Edmund, with some spirit of manhood, refuses to make any answers that will criminate or blacken a woman by whom he is loved; and then proceeds, consistently, to answer *Edgar's* charges.

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, — O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,[27]
Rather than die at once! — taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never — O fault! — reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd:
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,[28]
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage; but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,

[27] "To die hourly with the pain of death," is a periphrasis for to suffer hourly the pain of death.

[28] Here, as in many other places, *success* is *issue* or *result*. — "This good success" refers to the combat with Edmund. Edgar, apprehensive that he might fall, had piously craved his father's benediction on the undertaking. So, in the long run, he who believes in the gods, and fears them, proves too much for the intellectual sceptic and scoffer.

Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.[29]
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranced.
Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent! who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman *hastily with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help, help, O, help!
Edg. What kind of help?

[29] This obscure passage has commonly been set down as corrupt, and I formerly thought it so myself; but I am now satisfied that it is sound. *To amplify* is another instance of the infinitive used gerundively, and is equivalent to *in* or *by amplifying*. See page 68, note 16.—The use of to *top* for to *surpass* is very frequent. See page 23, note 3. So that the sense of the text comes something thus: "To those who are not in love with sorrow, this tale which I have just told would seem to be enough,—seem to require a period, or full stop; but another *such tale added to this*, by amplifying what is already too much, by making that too-much still more, would pass beyond or overtop the utmost limit of distress."—This explanation was suggested to me by Mr. Crosby. *Another* has been mistaken to mean another *person*. The key to the right sense is in the gerundial infinitive.

Alb. Speak, man!
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes!
It came even from the heart of — O, she's dead!
Alb. Who dead? speak, man!
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady! and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead. —
[*Exit a* Gentleman.
This judgment of the Heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. —

Enter KENT.

O, is this he? —
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.[30]
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and master aye good night:
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot! —
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia? —
[*The bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*
See'st thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so. — Cover their faces.

30 "There is no time now for the interchange of courtesies which mere good-breeding requires, to say nothing of old friendship and affection." The Poet often has *very* in the sense of *mere*. See vol. xiv. page 282, note 14.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send —
Be brief[31] in it — to th' castle! for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword;
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid[32] herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! — Bear him hence awhile.
[EDMUND *is borne off.*

Re-enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, Officer, *and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stone!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
The heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?[33]

31 *Brief* for *quick*. *Briefly* for *quickly* has occurred before.

32 To *fordo* signifies to *destroy*. See vol. xiv. page 189, note 20.

33 Kent, more Christian than pagan, recalls those passages of St. Mark in which Christ foretells to His disciples *the end of the world*, and hence his question, "Is this the end of all things, which has been foretold to us?" To which Edgar adds, "Or only a representation of that horror?"

Alb. Fall, and cease![34]

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling.*] O my good master!

Lear. Pr'ythee, away!

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever! —
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. —
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.[35]

Lear. 'Tis a dull light.[36] Are you not Kent?

[34] To *cease* is to *die*. Albany, looking on the pains employed by Lear to recover Cordelia, and knowing to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual, cries out, "Rather fall, and cease to be at once than continue in existence only to be wretched."

[35] "I *doubt* whether the world can produce *two* such instances of Fortune's favours and reverses as we see before us in the King; whether or not she can brag of two such, one at least we now behold, which must be regarded as supreme until we find it mated by another." — CROSBY.

[36] The old King is dying; and, as often happens on the approach of death, he mistakes the sudden dimming of his eyes for a defect of light. Goethe's last words are said to have been "More light!" In fact, hardly any thing is more common than for dying people to complain that it is growing dark; and physicians will tell us there is no worse sign than such a calling for light.

Kent. The same.
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man, —
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. — That, from the first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps, —
Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. — Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here. —
You lords and noble friends, know our intent:
What comfort to this great decay [37] may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old Majesty,
To him our absolute power. — [*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.] You, to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

[37] "This *great decay*" is Lear. Shakespeare means the same as if he had said, "this piece of decayed royalty." Gloster calls him in a preceding scene "ruin'd piece of nature."

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ![38] No, no, no life !
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never ! —
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her lips, —
Look there, look there ! [*Dies.*

Edg. He faints ! — My lord, my lord ! —

Kent. Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. — Our present business
Is general woe. — [*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored State sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;
My master calls me, I must not say no.[39]

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

38 *Poor fool* was often used as a strong expression of endearment. Here the words refer, not to the Fool, as some have supposed, but to Cordelia, on whose lips the old King is still intent, and dies while he is searching there for indications of life.

39 Some question has been made as to Kent's meaning here. He means, to be sure, that all the treasure he had in life is now gone ; that the death of his revered and beloved master, and of his " kind and dear Princess," must needs pluck him after. This reminds me of Coleridge's judgment, that " Kent is perhaps the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shakespeare's characters. His passionate affection for, and fidelity to, Lear act on our feelings in Lear's own favour : virtue itself seems to be in company with him."

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 13. *Now, our joy,*
Although our last, not *least; to whose young love*
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; &c. — So the folio, except that it has "Although our last *and* least." White prefers this reading, on the ground that Cordelia was literally the smallest of the three daughters; "that she was her father's little pet, while her sisters were big, bold, brazen beauties." He make a good argument to the point, so that I find it not easy to choose; but the phrase "though last, not least" appears to have been something of a favourite with the Poet. The quartos give the passage thus:

> Although *the* last *not* least in our deere love,
> What can you say to *win* a third, more opulent
> Than your sisters?

P. 14. *For, by the sacred radiance of the Sun,*
The mysteries *of Hecate and the night;* &c. — So the second folio. Instead of *mysteries*, the quartos have *mistresse;* the first folio, *miseries.*

P. 15. *Peace, Kent!*
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery: hence, and avoid my sight! — It is somewhat in question whether the words "hence, and avoid my sight!" are addressed to Kent or to Cordelia. But, surely, if they were spoken to Cordelia, she would not remain in presence, as she does. Moreover, as Heath observes, "in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy, in order to tender them his youngest daughter, if either of them would accept her without a dowry. At such a time, therefore, to

drive her out of his presence would be a contradiction to his declared intention." On the other hand, it is urged that Kent has said nothing to provoke so harsh a sentence. It is true, Kent has but started in his remonstrance; but Lear is supposed to know his bold and ardent temper; and he might well anticipate what presently comes from him.

P. 16. Reverse *thy* doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. — So the quartos. The folio has "*reserve* thy *state.*" I find it not easy to choose between the two readings.

P. 17. *Five days we do allot thee, for provision*
To shield thee from diseases *of the world;*
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth *day following,*
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. — In the second of these lines the folio has *disasters* instead of *diseases*, which is the reading of the quartos. As Malone observes, "diseases, in old language, meant the slighter *inconveniences*, *troubles*, and *distresses* of the world. The provision that Kent could make in five days might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*." — In the fourth line, Collier's second folio substitutes *seventh* for *tenth*. The change is plausible; but, as Mr. Crosby writes me, "the King orders Kent on the sixth day to turn his hated back, and *start;* and, as we can hardly suppose the King's palace, or Kent's, to be on the edge of the kingdom, he gives him *three days* to get out of 'our dominions'; so that on the *tenth* he shall have crossed the line."

P. 18. Lear. *Right-noble Burgundy,*
When she was dear to us, we did hold *her so;*
But now her price is fall'n. — In the second of these lines the little word *did* is decidedly in the way; and I suspect it ought to be got rid of by printing "we *held* her so."

P. 18. *The argument of your praise, balm of your age,*
The *best*, the *dearest*, &c. — So the folio. The quartos have "*Most* best, *most* dearest." Shakespeare, it is true, often doubles the superlatives, as in *most best;* still I think the folio reading preferable.

P. 19. *It is no vicious blot*, nor other *foulness,*
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;
But even the *want of that for which I'm richer,* &c.—Instead of "*nor other* foulness," which is from Collier's second folio, the old copies have "*murder, or* foulness," and "*murther, or* foulness." *Murder* is certainly a very strange word for the place, and for the person speaking: nevertheless, on two occasions since the new reading came to light, I have, though not without grave misgivings, retained the old one, on the ground that perhaps Cordelia purposely uses it out of place, as a glance at the hyperbolical absurdity of denouncing her as "a wretch whom Nature is ashamed to acknowledge." But this reason is probably something strained and far-fetched: at all events, the high authority of Mr. Furness, together with the reason of the thing, has induced me at last to admit the change, and to do it heartily. He notes upon the matter as follows: "Murder may have been a much less heinous crime in Shakespeare's days than at present, but that it could ever have been of less degree than foulness demands a faith that reason without miracle can never plant in me. Can a parallel instance of anti-climax be found in Shakespeare? And mark how admirably the lines are balanced: 'vicious blot or foulness, unchaste action or dishonour'd step.'"—In the fourth line, the old text reads "But even *for* want"; *for* having probably been repeated by mistake. Hanmer's correction.

P. 21. Ye *jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes*
Cordelia leaves you.—The old copies have "*The* jewels." The same misprint occurs repeatedly, the old contractions of *ye* and *the* being very easily confounded. Here, as elsewhere, the context readily detects the error.

P. 21. *Who* cover *faults, at last* shame them *derides.*—So the quartos, except that they have *covers.* The folio reads "at last *with* shame derides."

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 23. *Edmund the base*
Shall top th' *legitimate.*—Instead of *top th'*, the quartos have *tooth'*, the folio, *to' th'*. Corrected by Capell.

Act i., Scene 3.

P. 30. *Now, by my life,*
Old fools are babes again, and must be used
With checks, when *flatteries are seen abused.* — Not in the folio. The quartos read "with checkes as flatteries when they are seen abus'd." As it is hardly possible to strain any fitting sense out of this, various changes have been made or proposed. Warburton reads "With checks, *not* flatt'ries," and Jennens, "With checks, *by* flatteries when *they're* seen abused." As the lines ending with *used* and *abused* were obviously meant for a rhyming couplet, they should properly both be pentameters, whereas the old text makes the second an Alexandrine. By transposing *when*, and omitting *as* and *they*, we get both sense and metre right. Probably the Poet's first writing and his subsequent correction got jumbled together in the printing. — When I first so printed the text, which was something more than a year ago, I was not aware that Dr. Schmidt had made the same conjecture. 1881.

Act i., Scene 4.

P. 36. *Come place him here by me,*
Or *do thou for him stand.* — In the second of these lines, *Or*, needful alike to sense and to metre, is wanting in the old text.

P. 37. *No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and* ladies *too, they will not let me have all fool to myself.* — This passage is not in the folio, and the quartos have *loades* and *lodes* instead of *ladies*. Some very ludicrous contortions of argument have been put forth, to sustain the old reading.

P. 39. *The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,*
That it had its *head bit off by* its *young.* — Instead of *its*, the old copies here have *it* in both places. Of course this is an instance of *it* used possessively. The Cambridge Editors print "had *it* head bit off by *it* young"; though in various other cases they change *it* to *its*. See note on "The innocent milk in *its* most innocent mouth," vol. vii. page 280.

P. 40. *This admiration, sir, is much o' the* savour
Of other your new pranks. — One of the quartos and the folio have *savour;* the other quarto has *favour.* Either word suits the place well enough; and modern editors differ in their readings.

P. 41. *And in the most exact regard support*
The worship *of their name.* — The old copies have "The *worships* of their name." According to old usage, both *worship* and *name* should be plural, or neither.

P. 44. *Let me still take away the harms I fear,*
Not fear still to be harm'd. *I know his heart.* — So Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Singer. The old text has *taken* instead of *harm'd.* Probably *taken* crept in by mistake from the line before. At all events, it is clearly wrong in sense and metre too, while *harm'd* is as clearly right in both.

P. 44. *And thereto add such reasons of your own*
As may compact it more. So *get you gone,*
And hasten your return. — The old copies lack *So,* which was inserted by Pope.

P. 44. *This milky course and gentleness of yours,*
Though I condemn it *not, yet, under pardon,* &c. — So Pope. The old copies lack *it,* which is needful alike to sense and to metre.

Act I., Scene 5.

P. 45. *If a man's* brains *were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?* — Pope changed *brains* to *brain,* and so Walker would read. But is not *brains* sometimes used as a noun singular?

P. 47. Fool. *She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,*
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. — This was, no doubt, an interpolation foisted in by some vulgar hand to tickle the pruriency of the "groundlings." It is so utterly irrelevant, withal so out of character, and so grossly petulant, that I can hardly bear to let it stand in the text.

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 50. *But that I told him the revenging gods*
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders *bend.* — So the quartos. The folio reads "did all *the thunder* bend"; which some editors prefer: but, surely, a very inferior reading.

P. 50. *But,* whêr *he saw my best alarm'd spirits*
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled. — So Furness, adopting a conjecture of Staunton's. The old text has *when* instead of *whêr.* Furness notes the change as "an *emendatio certissima.*" And he adds, "It restores the construction, which with *when* is irregular, and to be explained only on the ground of Edmund's perturbation." It is hardly needful to observe that the Poet has many instances of *whether* thus contracted into one syllable. See vol. xiv. page 10, note 17.

P. 51. *Yes, madam, he was of that consort.* — Collier's second folio reads "Yes, madam, *yes,* he was of that consort." Dyce proposes "he was *one* of that consort." I suspect that one of these insertions ought to be admitted.

P. 52. *'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,*
To have the waste *and* spoil *of his revenues.* — So the quartos. The folio reads "*th' expence* and *wast* of his Revenues."

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 54. *If I had thee in* Finsbury *pinfold, I would make thee care for me.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *Lipsbury* instead of *Finsbury.* Jennens conjectured *Ledbury.* As there is no such place in England as Lipsbury, that name can hardly be right. *Finsbury* was the name of a place near London; and it is mentioned in *1 King Henry the Fourth,* iii. 1. It has been urged, however, that, if *lipsbury* was not a phrase well known in Shakespeare's time, to imply *gagging,* he may have coined it for that purpose; and that Kent's meaning may be, "where the movement of thy lips should be of no avail." So "Lipsbury pinfold" would mean a place where neither Oswald's *legs*

nor his *lips* could help him, — where he could not run away, nor could his whining nor his yelling for help do him any good. But all this seems to me forced and far-fetched. Surely no theatrical audience would have understood the phrase.

P. 56. Edm. *How now! What's the matter?* [Parting them.
Kent. *With you, goodman boy, if you please.* — The folio reads "What's the matter? Part." Here *Part* was no doubt meant as a stage-direction, but got printed as being of the text. Such errors are quite frequent. The quartos agree with the folio, except that they lack *Part.*

P. 57. *Reneag, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks*
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As *knowing nought, like dogs, but following.* — So Pope. The old text is without *As* in the last line. Surely the Poet could not have intended such a halt in the metre.

P. 60. *Your purposed low correction*
Is such as basest and contemned'st *wretches*, &c. — This is not in the folio; and the quartos have *temnest* instead of *contemned'st.* The correction is Capell's.

P. 62. *I know 'tis from Cordelia,*
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscurèd course; and shall find time,
From this enormous state, seeking, to give
Losses their remedies. — Much question has been made as to how this difficult passage ought to be printed; and some editors print the words, "and shall find time, from this enormous state, seeking, to give losses their remedies," as if Kent were reading them, disjointedly, from Cordelia's letter. But it appears that there is not light enough for this; and Kent longs to have the dawn come, that he may see to read the letter. As the text is here printed, *shall find* is in the same construction with *know*, — "I know, and I shall find." See footnote 30.

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 73. *To be a comrade with the wolf, and* howl
Necessity's sharp pinch! — So Collier's second folio. The old

text reads "To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and *Owle*, Necessities sharpe pinch." With this reading, I see no way but to take "Necessity's sharp pinch" as in apposition with the preceding clause; the sense being that to be a comrade with the wolf and owl is the last desperate shift to which the pinch of necessity might force a man. So that the change here admitted is not "absolutely necessary." Nevertheless Mr. Furness, who adopts *howls*, supports it with such reasons as carry my full assent. "In the old reading," says he, "which renders 'Necessity's sharp pinch' parenthetical, there is a tameness out of place at the close of Lear's wild outburst, which is, it seems to me, thoroughly un-Shakespearian. In the present text there is a climax, terrible in its wildness: roofs are to be abjured, storms braved, and famine howled forth among wolves. What companionship is there between wolves and owls, beyond the fact that they are both nocturnal? Yet what grates me in the old reading is, not so much the association of the wolf and owl, but the un-Shakespearian feebleness of bringing in 'Necessity's sharp pinch' as an explanation of what it is to abjure roofs and to be a comrade with wolves. As if Lear would stop to explain that people did not usually prefer such houseless poverty or such companionship, but that it was only the sharp pinch of necessity that drove them to it. In the old text there is no crest to the wave of Lear's passion; it surges up wild and threatening, and then when it should 'thunder on the beach' it subsides into a gentle apologetic ripple." — On the other hand, Mr. Crosby writes to me strongly disapproving the change, and, in support of the old text, aptly refers me to Micah, i. 8; at least I suppose that is the passage he means: "Therefore I will wail and howl, I will go stripped and naked: I will make a wailing like the dragons, and mourning as the owls." But perhaps he had his mind on Job, xxx. 29: "I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls." — I have but to add, that the metaphor of howling a pinch, or a pang, does not trouble me at all: it seems to me both good poetry and right Shakespeare. See foot-note 29.

P. 76. *But, for true need,—*

You Heavens, give me patience,—patience I need!—The old text reads "You Heavens, give me *that* patience, patience I need"; which is only an intense way of saying, "that patience which I need"; whereas the right sense, it seems to me, is, "give me patience, that is what I need." The passage has caused a deal of comment, and several

changes have been proposed. Mr. White and some others omit the second *patience;* which is a greater change than I make, while it seems to miss the right sense. Walker would read, "You Heavens, give me patience! — *that* I need," according to Ritson's suggestion.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 78. *Sir, I do know you;*
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. — So the folio. The quartos read "upon the warrant of my *arte.*" Some editors prefer the quarto reading, explaining it "my skill to *find the mind's construction in the face.*" But it appears that Kent "*knows* his man," and therefore has no occasion to use the *skill* in question. See foot-note 3.

P. 78. *Who have — as who have not, that their great stars*
Throne *and set high? — servants, who seem no less,*
Which are to France the spies and speculators
Intelligent of our State. — Not in the quartos. The folio, in the second line, has *Thron'd* instead of *Throne.* Corrected by Theobald. Also, in the third line, the folio has *speculations.* Johnson thought it should be *speculators,* and Singer's second folio has it so. As the word evidently refers to *persons,* can there be any doubt about it?

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 82. *That keep this dreadful* pudder *o'er our heads.* — So the folio. Instead of *pudder,* one of the quartos has *Thundring,* the other *powther,* which is probably an old spelling of *pother.*

P. 83. *Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue*
That art incestuous. — So the folio. The quartos have "thou simular *man* of virtue." See foot-note 13.

P. 84. *This is a brave night. I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.* — This, and what follows down to the end of the scene, is not in the quartos. Mr. Grant White regards the whole as an interpolation. "This loving, faithful creature," says he, "would not let his old master go off half-crazed into that storm, that he might stop, and utter such pointless and

uncalled-for imitation of Chaucer." In this opinion I fully concur. For the whole passage, besides being a stark impertinence dramatically, is as unlike Shakespeare as it is unlike the Fool; unlike Shakespeare, I mean, in poetical texture and grain.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 89. *Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy* word justly. — The quartos read "keepe thy *words* justly"; the folio, "keep thy words *Justice.*" The second folio changes *words* to *word.*

P. 91. *Now a little fire in a* wide *field were like an old lecher's heart,* &c. — The old editions have "in a *wilde* field"; upon which Walker notes as follows: "Read *wide;* see context. And so the 1770 edition of *King Lear,* 'collated with the old and modern editions'; with a note, 'All editions read *wild;* but *wide* is better opposed to *little.*'" "The 1770 edition" was by Jennens.

P. 91. Saint Withold *footed thrice the 'old,* &c. — So Theobald, and so the metre evidently requires. Instead of *Saint Withold,* the old text has *swithold* and *Swithold. S.* is the old abbreviation for *saint,* and the Poet probably wrote *S. Withold.*

P. 96. *He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's* health, *a boy's love,* &c. — So all the old editions. Several commentators are very positive it should be "a horse's *heels*"; there being an old proverb in Ray's *Collection,* "Trust not in a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth." But men that way skilled know it is about as unsafe to trust in the soundness of a horse as in the other things mentioned by the Fool.

P. 96. *Come, sit thou here, most learnèd* justicer. — The quartos have *justice* instead of *justicer.* Further on, however, they have *justicer.* — This part of the scene, beginning with "The foul fiend bites my back," down to "Bless thy five wits," is wanting in the folio.

P. 97. *Come o'er the* bourn, *Bessy, to me.* — The quartos have *broome* instead of *bourn.* Not in the folio.

P. 99. *Hound or spaniel, brach or* lym. — The old copies have *Him* and *Hym* instead of *lym.* Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 100. *This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken* senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. — So Theobald. The speech is not in the folio; and the quartos have *sinews* instead of *senses*. White, Dyce, and the Cambridge Editors retain *sinews*. But, surely, *senses* is right. And the same speaker has said, a little before, "All the power of his *wits have given way* to his impatience." And again, "his *wits* are gone." Can there be any doubt that he means the same thing here? Moreover, Lear has no broken *sinews*; he is out of his senses; that is, his *wits* are broken. Besides, sleep does not heal broken sinews; but it has great healing efficacy upon such "perturbations of the brain" as the poor old King is racked with. So in *Macbeth*, ii. 1: "Innocent sleep, *balm of hurt minds*." — Since the above was first printed, Mr. Furness's grand *Variorum* of *King Lear* has appeared. He retains *sinews* on the ground that "the change is not absolutely necessary"; yet he admits several changes which, in all fair judgment, are at least as far from being absolutely necessary. In a later scene we have "Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up of this child-changèd father!" and I must needs think that *sinews* would be as fitting here as in the other place. But what weighs most with me is, that the interest of this mighty delineation centres altogether upon Lear's inner man, the tempest in his mind; that which beats upon his body hardly touching us at all. As Lamb says, "This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it." And is it to be supposed that KENT more compassionates Lear's wearied limbs than "this great *breach* in his abusèd nature"?

P. 100. *When false opinion, whose wrong* thought defiles *thee,*
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee. — So Theobald. This speech is not in the folio; and the quartos have *thoughts defile*. But a rhyme was probably intended. — It may be well to add Heath's explanation of the passage: "Observe the event of those disturbances that are now on foot, and discover thyself when the present false opinion entertained of thee, which stains thy reputation with a crime of which thou art innocent, being convicted by thy full proof, repeals thy present banishment from society, and reconciles thee to thy father." Of the whole speech I can but say that I do not believe Shakespeare wrote a word of it. The workmanship, in all points, smacks of a very different hand. The Cambridge Editors note upon it, "internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition that the lines were written by Shakespeare."

P. 104. *All cruels else* subscribe, *but I shall see*
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children. — So the folio, except that it has a colon after *subscribe.* But the old editions have many instances of a colon where no one would now think of using any thing but a comma. Instead of *subscribe*, the quartos have *subscrib'd*, out of which it seems hardly possible to get any fitting or even intelligible meaning, as appears by the perfect muddle of explanations it has called forth. Yet that reading has been strangely preferred by nearly all the more recent editors. Mr. Grant White, I think, was the first to propose setting a comma for the colon. See foot-note 12.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 106. *Yet better thus*, unknown, *to be contemn'd,*
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. — So Collier's second folio; as Johnson had conjectured, and Tyrwhitt and Malone approved. The old copies read "Yet better thus, *and knowne* to be contemn'd."

P. 107. *Full oft 'tis seen,*
Our maims *secure us, and our mere defects*
Prove our commodities. — Instead of *maims*, the old copies have *means;* which may possibly be explained somewhat thus: "The having what we desire makes us reckless, while privation or adversity sobers us." This takes *secure* in the sense of the Latin *securus, negligent* or *presumptuous.* But this, to say the least, seems a harsh and strained interpretation. Pope reads "Our *mean secures* us." Collier's second folio substitutes *wants* for *means*, and Singer proposes *needs.* Walker says, "There can be no doubt that Johnson's *maims* is the right reading." See foot-note 6.

P. 109. *Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once;* as Obidicut, of lust; *Hobbididence, prince of dumbness;* &c. — So Walker. The old text has an awkward inversion, *of lust, as Obidicut.* The passage is not in the folio.

ACT IV., SCENE 2

P. 113. *If that the Heavens do not their visible spirits*
Send quickly down to tame these *vile offences,*
It will come, &c. — This speech is not in the folio; and the quartos have *the* and *this* instead of *these.* The limiting force of the demonstrative is clearly required by the context.

P. 113. *France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,*

With plumèd helm thy state begins to threat; &c. — The old copies have "thy *slayer begin threats,*" "thy *slaier* begins *threats,*" and "thy *state* begins *thereat.*" The reading in the text was first given by Jennens, and is adopted by Staunton, the Cambridge Editors, and Mr. Furness.

P. 114. *Thou changèd and* sex-cover'd *thing, for shame,*

Be-monster not thy feature! — The old text has "*selfe-cover'd* thing," out of which it is hardly possible to extract any fitting sense. Theobald reads "Thou *chang'd* and *self-converted* thing"; which does not really better the passage at all. Other readings have been proposed, as "*chang'd* and self-*discover'd,*" and "*chang'd* and self-*uncover'd.*" The emendation here adopted (and I deem it of the first class) was proposed to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby. See foot-notes 12 and 13.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 116. This scene is wanting altogether in the folio. As it is, both poetically and physiognomically, one of the best in the play, the purpose of the omission could hardly have been other than to shorten the time of representation; which would infer the folio to have been printed from a stage copy.

P. 116. Ay, sir; *she took them, read them in my presence;* &c. — So Theobald. The old copies have "*I say* she." The affirmative *ay* was very often printed *I.*

P. 117. *You have seen*

Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears

Were like: a better way, — *those happy smilets,* &c. — Such, literally, is the reading of all the quartos; which has been unnecessarily and dangerously tampered with and tinkered in most of modern editions; some reading "like a better *May*"; some, "like a *wetter May*"; and some, "like a better *day.*" But the old reading is assuredly right. The sense is clearly completed at *like,* and should there be cut off from what follows, as it is in the text: "You have seen sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears were like"; that is, were like "sunshine and rain at once." Then begins another thought, or another mode of illustration: "To speak it in a better way, those happy smilets,"

&c. And I insist upon it, that the passage so read is better poetry, as well as better sense and better logic, than with *way* turned into *day* or *May*, and made an adjunct or tag to *like*. The pointing here given was suggested by Boaden.

P. 117. *In brief*, sir, *sorrow*
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all, &c. — So Capell and Walker. The old text is without *sir*.

P. 117. *What, i' the storm? i' the night?*
Let pity not believe it! *There she shook*
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And, clamour-moisten'd, *then away she started*
To deal with grief alone. — In the second of these lines, the quartos read "Let pitie not *be beleeft*," and "Let pitty not *be beleeu'd*." Jennens reads as in the text; and I think sense and prosody plead alike for the correction. — In the fourth line, I adopt the reading and punctuation given by White. The old copies have "And clamour moistened *her*"; *her* having probably been repeated by mistake from the line above. Theobald reads "And, clamour-*motion'd*, then away she started." The more common reading is "And clamour moisten'd: then away," &c. I cannot pronounce White's text altogether satisfactory; but, on the whole, it seems to me the best, both in sense and in language, that has been offered. Nor do I well see how it can be bettered without taking too great liberties with the old text.

Act IV., Scene 4.

P. 118. *Crown'd with rank* fumiter *and furrow-weeds,*
With burdocks, *hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers*, &c. — In the first of these lines, the quartos have *femiter*, the folio *Femitar*, instead of *fumiter*. In the second line, the quartos have, instead of *burdocks*, *hoar-docks*, and *hor-docks*; the folio, *Hardokes*. The correction is Hanmer's. Heath says, "I believe we should read *burdocks*, which frequently grow among corn."

P. 119. *'Tis known before; our preparation stands*
In expectation of them. — *O dear father,*
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! — In this speech, again, all after "expectation of them" is, I am sure, an interpolation by some other hand. It has not the flavour either of Shakespeare or of Cordelia.

Act iv., Scene 6.

P. 122. *The murmuring surge,*
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the *deficient sight*
Topple down headlong. — So Pope. The quartos have "idle peebles *chafe*"; the folio, "idle *pebble* chafes." — In the fourth line, Mr. Daniel Jefferson, of Boston, suggests to me that we ought to read "and *through* deficient sight." As the Poet may well have written *thro*, and as this might easily be mistaken for *the*, I suspect Mr. Jefferson is right.

P. 124. *Ten masts* at each *make not the altitude*, &c. — The phrase *at each* has troubled the editors, and various changes have been made or proposed, most of them not worth specifying. Pope reads "Ten masts *attacht*"; which seems to me the best of them, except, perhaps, *a-stretcht*, proposed by Jennens. See foot-note 7.

P. 126. *To say ay and no to every thing that I said ay and no* to *was no good divinity.* — The old copies differ in the pointing of this passage; but such is the literal reading, except that they have *toe* and *too* instead of the last *to*. But we have many instances of *too* and *to* confounded. The passage is commonly printed thus: "To say *ay* and *no* to every thing that I said! — *Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity." This may have a meaning, but I have tried in vain to understand it. See foot-note 15.

P. 128. *Were all* the *letters suns, I could not see.* — So the folio, except that it has "*thy* Letters." The quartos read "I could not see *one*"; which I cannot well understand how anybody should prefer. The quartos have "*the* letters."

P. 129. *Through tatter'd* clothes small *vices do appear.* — The quartos read "through tattered *ragges* small vices"; the folio, "thorough tatter'd cloathes *great* vices."

P. 129. Plate sin *with gold,*
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks. — This is not in the quartos; and the folio has *Place sinnes.* Corrected by Pope.

P. 130. *When we are born, we cry that we are come*
To this great stage of fools. — 'Tis *a good block:* &c. — So Ritson. The old copies have "*This* a good blocke." See foot-note 28.

P. 130. *Let me have a* surgeon;
I'm cut to th' brains. — The quartos read "Let me have a *chirurgeon*"; such being the old form of *surgeon;* the folio, "Let me have *Surgeons.*"

P. 130. *To use his eyes for garden water-pots,*
Ay, and for *laying Autumn's dust.* — So the quartos, except that they lack *for* in the second line. The folio here gives a somewhat different text, thus:

> To use his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die bravely,
> Like a smugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Joviall:
> Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

P. 132. *A most poor man, made* tame to *fortune's blows.* — So the folio. The quartos read "made *lame by* fortunes blowes."

P. 133. *Seek him out*
Upon the English party. — *O, untimely death!* — The old editions repeat *death.*

P. 134. *O* undistinguish'd *space of woman's* will! — The quartos have *wit* instead of *will,* the folio reading; while the folio has *indistinguish'd.* See foot-note 42.

ACT IV., SCENE 7.

P. 135. *Yet to be known shortens my* main *intent.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *made* instead of *main.* I do not lay much stress on what some consider the bad English of *made intent,* because,

though it sounds odd to us, it may be justified by the usage of Shakespeare's time, so far as regards the language, on the ground of its meaning "the intention which I have *formed*." But such, it seems to me, is not the right sense. See foot-note 3.

P. 136. Gent. *Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep*
We put fresh garments on him.
Doct. *Be by, good madam, when we do awake him:*
I doubt not of his temperance.— Such is the usual assignment of these speeches, and it is clearly right. To the first of them one quarto prefixes "*Doct.*," and to the second "*Kent.*" The other quarto prefixes "*Doct.*" to the first, and "*Gent.*" to the second. The folio runs both speeches into one, and prefixes "*Gent.*"

P. 136. *O my dear father, restoration hang*
Thy medicine on my lips!— Such is the reading of all the old copies; and I like it the better that it makes *Thy* refer to *father*. Modern editions generally print "O my dear father! Restoration, hang," &c.; which makes *Thy* refer to *Restoration*. See foot-note 7.

P. 138. *I am a very foolish fond old man,*
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less; &c.—The words "not an hour more nor less" are found only in the folio. Some editors have rejected them as a probable interpolation, because of their being nonsensical. The nonsense of them, indicating, as it does, some remains of Lear's disorder, is the very reason why they should be retained.

P. 138. *Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,*
You see, is cured *in him.*— So the quartos. Instead of *cured*, the folio has *kill'd*, which some editors prefer,—rather strangely, I think. Collier conjectured *quell'd*. But what need of any thing better than *cured?*

Act V., Scene 2.

P. 144. *If ever I return to you again,*
I'll bring you comfort.
Glos. *Grace go with you, sir!* [Exit Edgar.
Alarm and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.
Edg. *Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!* &c.— I have had no little ado to refrain from adopting the arrangement pro-

posed by Mr. Spedding, which would make the fourth Act end with the *exit* of Edgar, and the fifth Act begin with his re-entrance. Mr. Spedding's argument in support of the change is quite too long for this place; and so close-packed withal in statement, as hardly to admit of much condensation: so that I must content myself with referring the student to it as given in Mr. Furness's *Variorum*. I can but add that, as regards the point of dramatic and artistic order, the reason of the thing is, it seems to me, altogether in favour of the change; but yet custom and association stand so strong for the old order, that probably it ought not to be disturbed, at least not till the matter has been more widely considered and passed upon. I have conferred with Mr. Crosby upon the subject, and he fully approves the course I have, after much reflection, concluded to take.

Act v., Scene 3.

P. 144. *For thee, oppressèd King, am I cast down;*
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown. — Another interpolation, I have scarce any doubt. It is not rightly in character for Cordelia to be prating thus of the self-sacrifices she is making. The rhyme too is out of place. Read the speech without the couplet. and see how much better and truer it is.

P. 148. *Dispose of them, of me; yea, all is thine.* — This is not in the quartos; and the first folio reads "*the walls* is thine." Hanmer prints "*they all are* thine." The reading in the text is Lettsom's. The common reading is, "the walls *are* thine"; and the common explanation tells us it is a metaphor taken from the camp; and means "to surrender at discretion."

P. 150. *Yet am I noble as the adversary*
I come to cope. — So the folio. The quartos have "I come to cope *withal.*" The addition is needless, to say the least, as the Poet elsewhere uses *cope* as a transitive verb.

P. 150. *Behold, it is the privilege of* mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: &c. — The quartos read "it is the privilege of *my tongue*"; the folio, "it is *my privilege*, The privilege of mine honours," &c. The latter reading probably arose from an error and the correction of it being printed together.

P. 151. *What safe and nicely I might well* delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn. — Unless we here suppose a pretty bold ellipsis, the speaker says just the reverse of what he means. The language would come right by substituting *demand* for *delay*, or some similar word. The speaker begins by saying "In wisdom I should *ask thy name.*" So, with *demand*, the meaning would be, "The *knowledge* which I might safe and nicely," &c. But possibly the text may be right as it is. See foot-note 23.

P. 151. Gon. O, *save him, save him! — This is practice, Gloster:* &c. — So Theobald. The old copies are without *O*, and assign "Save him, save him!" to Albany. Theobald notes, "'Tis absurd that Albany, who knows of Edmund's treason, and of his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved." I may add that Albany has most evidently been wishing that Edmund might fall in the combat. Walker says, "Theobald was right in giving the words '*O*, save him, save him,' (as he properly read) to Goneril."

P. 151. Alb. *Shut your mouth, dame,*
Or with this paper shall I stop it. — [To Edgar.] *Hold, sir!*
— [To Gon.] *Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:*
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
Gon. *Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:*
Who can arraign me for't? [Exit.
Alb. *Most monstrous! O! —*
Know'st thou this paper? [Offers the letter to Edmund.
Edm. *Ask me not what I know.*
Alb. *Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.*
[To an Officer, who goes out.
Edm. [To Edgar.] *What you have charged me with,* &c. — I here follow the order and distribution of the speeches as given in the folio. The quartos keep Goneril on the stage till after the speech, "Ask me not what I know," which they assign to her. According to this arrangement, the words, "Thou worse than any name," &c., are addressed to Edmund: but I hardly think Albany would say to him "read thine own evil," when that evil was properly Goneril's. Moreover, this arrangement supposes the words, "Know'st thou this paper?" to be addressed to Goneril. But it does not seem likely that Albany

would ask her such a question; for he knows the letter to be her writing: besides, he has just said to her, "I perceive you know it." Of course I take the words "Hold, sir," as a request or an order to Edgar to abstain from further action against Edmund; and such, I think, is the natural sense of them. *Hold!* was indeed the common exclamation for arresting a combat in such cases, when it was thought to have proceeded far enough. So in *Macbeth*, v. 8.: "Lay on, Macduff; and damn'd be he that first cries *Hold, enough!*" And again in i. 5: "Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry *Hold, hold!*" See foot-note 26.

152. Edg. *Let's exchange charity.*
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'st wrongèd *me.* — The old text prints the last of these lines thus: "If more, the more *th' hast wrong'd* me." Here *th' hast* is the old contraction of *thou hast.* The line is commonly printed "If more, the more *thou hast wrong'd* me." Here the line, besides being short by one foot, is utterly unrhythmical, insomuch that it cannot be pronounced as metre at all. In the text, the line is made rhythmical, though still one foot short. Perhaps it should be "If more, the more, *then,* thou *hast* wrongèd me." Or, possibly, "the *worser* thou hast wrongèd me."

P. 153. *O, our lives' sweetness!*
That with *the pain of death* we'd *hourly die,*
Rather than die at once! — The quartos read "That with the pain of death *would* hourly die"; the folio, "That *we* the pain of death *would* hourly dye." The reading in the text is Malone's.

P. 154. *Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man*
Who, having seen me in my worst estate, &c. —This speech is not in the folio; and the quartos read "came there *in* a man"; *in* being probably repeated by mistake.

P. 154. *He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out,*
As he'd burst heaven; threw him *on my father.* — The quartos have "threw *me* on my father." An obvious error, corrected by Theobald.

P. 156. *Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of* stone: &c. — The old editions have "men of *stones*." Pope's correction. We have the same misprint again in *King Richard the Third*, iii. 7: "I am not made of *Stones*, but penetrable to your kind entreats." Here all modern editions, so far as I know, print *stone;* though some still cling to the reading, "you are men of *stones*."

P. 157. 'Tis *a dull* light. *Are you not Kent?* — The folio reads "*This is* a dull *sight*." The words are not in the quartos. It does not well appear what *sight* can refer to here. And the question, "are you not Kent?" naturally infers that Lear thinks the *light* is growing *dim*. The long *s* and *l* were apt to be confounded. The change is from Collier's second folio. — Both sense and metre are against the reading *This is*. — See foot-note 36.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

FIRST published in the folio of 1623, and certainly one of the worst-printed, perhaps the very worst, of all the plays in that volume; the text being, in many places, so shockingly disfigured, so full of gaps and refractory errors, as to try an editor's judgment and patience to the uttermost. The original is without any marking of the Acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have "*Actus Primus, Scæna Prima*"; and at the end is given a list, incomplete however, of the persons represented, under the heading "The Actors' Names." In the same year with the publishing of the folio, the play was entered at the Stationers' by Blount and Jaggard as one of "the plays not formerly entered to other men"; which naturally infers that it was then first enrolled for publication.

The folio copy is in certain respects very remarkable. Some parts are set forth in a most irregular manner, being full of short and seemingly-broken lines, with many passages printed as verse, which cannot possibly be read as such; yet the sense is generally so complete as to infer that the irregularity came from the writer, not from the transcriber or the printer. In these parts, moreover, along with Shakespeare's rhythm and harmony, we miss also, and in an equal degree, his characteristic diction and imagery: the ruggedness and irregularity are not those of one who, having mastered the resources of harmony, knew how to heighten and enrich it with discords, but of one who was ignorant of its laws and incapable of its powers. Other parts, again, exhibit the sustained grandeur of the Poet's largest and most varied music. And in these parts the true Shakespearian cast of thought and imagery comes upon us in all its richness, welling up from the deepest fountains of his genius, and steeped in its most idiomatic potencies. These several parts I propose

to distinguish as the Shakespeare portions and the Anonymous portions of the play.

As Blount and Jaggard's entry at the Stationers' is the earliest notice of the play that has come down to us, we have no external evidence whatever as to the date of the composition. The internal marks of style and temper naturally speak it into association with *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, and *King Lear*; thus fixing the composition somewhere in the period between 1600 and 1606. In the Shakespeare portions, the peculiarities of thought and manner, as in the other plays just named, refer us to a time when, for some unknown cause, the Poet's mind seems to have dwelt, with a melancholy, self-brooding earnestness, among the darker issues of human life and passion, as if haunted and oppressed by the mystery of evil residing in the heart of man. As to the question of his having been for some time under such a fascination as would naturally dispose him to speak as "the stern censurer of mankind," perhaps the strongest argument is furnished by the play in hand. For the subject is certainly ill-adapted to dramatic uses. And this lack of any thing in the matter that should have determined the Poet's choice to it may well lead us to suspect that the determining cause lay in himself. So that the most likely conclusion in this case seems to be, that some ill-starred experience, such as human life offers to most men who are observant and thoughtful enough to be capable of it, had planted in him so strong a sympathy with the state of feeling predominant in Timon, as to turn the scale against his better judgment as a dramatic poet and artist.

That some parts of this play are in the Poet's best manner, while others are not in his manner at all, the commentators are mainly agreed, though differing much in their ways of accounting for it. One theory is, that Shakespeare wrote the whole as we have it, but left some parts in a very crude and unfinished state, giving indeed little more than a loose sketch or outline of what he intended to make them. To this there are insuperable objections. For the parts in question are nowise in a sketchy state; the outline is generally filled up, but with nothing like Shakespeare's proper stuff: that is to say, they are in no sort

like an unfinished work of the same hand which finished the other parts, but show a totally different cast of thought, diction, and imagery, from what we find in any other of the Poet's plays, or in those parts of this play where his hand is not and cannot be questioned. For instance, the fifth scene in Act iii. is highly episodical, insomuch that if entirely thrown out it would scarce be missed in the action. Now it is precisely in such an episode that we should expect to find the work left either in a most finished or a most sketchy state, because it is the part that could best be worked out by itself. Accordingly we have nothing of mere outline here; the filling-up is complete, but it has no relish of Shakespeare: perhaps there is no part less unfinished, nor any more un-Shakespearian, than this scene.

Another theory is, that the manuscript of this play underwent in some parts much corruption and mutilation at the hands of the players, and that the edition of 1623 was printed from a copy thus deformed. The objections to the former theory hold, for aught I can see, equally strong against this. Besides, the play is singularly unsuited to the stage; and the failure of modern research to find any contemporary notice of its performance strongly argues it to have been so regarded at the time: all which would naturally render it less likely to suffer in the manner supposed.

A third view — proposed, I believe, by Farmer, and argued out with much ability by Knight — is, that Shakespeare did not originate the play, but took the workmanship of some inferior writer, recast certain scenes, enriched others with some touches of his own, and supplied the part of Timon, as we have it, entirely from himself: all which is thought to account for the man-hater's character being "left standing apart in its naked power and majesty, without much regard to what surrounded it." This view is, to my mind, nonsuited by the conviction, that Shakespeare's approved severity of taste and strength of judgment at that period of his life, together with his fulness and quickness of resource, could hardly have endured to retain certain parts in so crude and feeble a state as we find them. For the parts supposed to be borrowed are so grossly inadequate in style and spirit to those acknowledged to be his, that it seems

incredible he should have suffered them to pass. Surely, if he had thus undertaken to remodel the work of another, he could hardly have rested from the task, till he had informed the whole with a larger measure of that surpassing energy and wealth of thought and diction which mark the part of Timon himself; showing that the Poet's genius was then in its most palmy state.

The fourth, and, in my view, the most probable, theory is Verplanck's; that Shakespeare planned the whole drama substantially as we have it, made an outline of all the parts, including the whole course and order of the action, wrote out the part of Timon in its present form, added, besides, some whole scenes as they now stand, and furnished some passages for others; but, perceiving more and more, as he went on, the unfitness of the theme for his purpose, finally gave up the work, and threw it aside unfinished: that this was afterwards taken in hand by some third-rate workman, who retained all that Shakespeare had written, and wrote out the rest in accordance, as nearly as might be, with the original plan. This view clearly legitimates the supposal that here the Poet's choice of subject grew from personal sympathy with the mood and temper of mind displayed in Timon, and not from his judgment of dramatic fitness. For so his interest would naturally draw first to those parts which voiced his prevailing mood; and then begin to flag and fall away as soon as, on coming to those where such personal respects had no place, his dramatic judgment regained the upper hand.

Before leaving this topic I must add, that Mr. F. G. Fleay and Mr. James Spedding have lately brought their approved learning and judgment to bear upon the question; the former maintaining the fourth, the latter the third, of the forecited views. Mr. Fleay states that the object of his writing is "to show that the nucleus, the original and only valuable part of the play is Shakespeare's; and that it was completed for the stage by a second and inferior hand." Mr. Spedding shows some of his arguments to be irrelevant or inconclusive, but I cannot see that he does much towards upsetting his conclusion. And that conclusion is at bottom the same that I had settled upon many years before I had any knowledge of either of those gentlemen.

Therewithal Mr Fleay has made what may well be termed an

exhaustive review of the whole matter, both discriminating throughout what he regards as the Shakespeare and the Anonymous portions, and also setting forth the grounds of that discrimination. Here Mr. Spedding agrees with him for the most part, but diverges from him touching a few less important passages; wherein I am apt to think Mr. Spedding has the best of it. There is no need of specifying the several portions here, as I have, throughout the play, distinguished what I regard as the Anonymous portions by setting asterisks before all the lines therein. This, however, is done only where I am thoroughly satisfied that the lines have nothing of Shakespeare in them. There are, besides, several passages which I am doubtful about, and therefore leave them unstarred. The first of these is in iii. 6, from the entrance of Timon down to the speech beginning "Each man to his stool." Here I suspect we have a mixture of Shakespeare and Anonymous; at any rate, the first four speeches, to my taste, relish strongly of the former. The next in iv. 3, a part of the long dialogue between Timon and Apemantus, consisting of the twenty-four speeches after "For here it sleeps and does no hirèd harm," down to "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive." As to the dialogue of Timon and the Steward, later in the same scene, here, again, we seem to have a mixture of Shakespeare and Anonymous; the two hands being, withal, so closely interlaced, that I cannot distinguish exactly what belongs to each, and so leave the whole unstarred; though I taste Shakespeare decidedly in most of the lines.

Besides the great diversities of mind and manner in this play, there are some instances of confusion and discrepancy that are fully accounted for by the foregoing remarks. One of these, near the end of i. 1, is thus pointed out by Mr. Fleay: "After Timon has said, 'Let us in,' one of *the rest* who entered with Alcibiades says, 'Come, shall we in, and taste Lord Timon's bounty?' and, after a little conversation, he and his friend, another of *the rest*, go in together. So I think Shakespeare arranged it: his alterer empties the stage of all but Apemantus, who stays in order to 'come dropping after all discontentedly like himself' in the next scene: but, as there was a bit of Shakespeare to be used up, the alterer brings in two extra Lords to talk to Apemantus, so

that, after all, Apemantus has no opportunity of leaving the stage discontentedly like himself."

Again: In i. 2, which is all Anonymous, the Steward, or one who performs the office of Steward, is called *Flavius;* but, in the latter part of ii. 2, which is certainly Shakespeare, *Flavius* is given as the name of one of Timon's servants who is not the Steward. In the Shakespeare portions, in fact, the folio never designates the Steward by his proper name, but only by that of his office; and so I print it all through the play, though the folio repeatedly calls him *Flavius* in the Anonymous portion aforesaid.

Once more: In the first Shakespeare portion of ii. 2, when the servants of Timon's creditors are putting him out of breath with their importunate duns, he calls on the Steward to explain the reason of this onset, and the Steward engages them to "cease their importunacy till after dinner," as Timon has a parcel of friends to dine with him. Then Anonymous comes in, and makes the Steward say to the duns, "Pray you, draw near." But, instead of doing so, they stay to share in a long vapid dialogue with Apemantus and somebody's Fool. After more than enough of this, the second Shakespeare portion of the scene begins by making the Steward say to the duns, "Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon"; whereupon the duns retire a little, and the Steward proceeds with the explanation which Timon had called upon him to make. Moreover, Anonymous, with exquisite clumsiness, first sends Timon and his Steward off the stage, and keeps them off during the dialogue aforesaid; then brings them back, that Shakespeare may make them proceed with their talk just as if they had not gone off at all. This, taken all together, is indeed a stupendous piece of botching! a thick stratum of Anonymous mud heinously thrust in betwixt two layers of Shakespeare gold! Other like notes of disorder might easily be cited; but thus much is enough on that head, perhaps more than enough.

I must next adduce one or two instances of a different nature. In Act ii. there seems a want of due connection between the first and second scenes, since we have the Fool speaking of his mistress, and the Page out on her errands, while no hint has yet

been given as to who or what their mistress is. Johnson saw this gap, and remarked upon it as follows: "I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool and Page was prepared by some introductory dialogue, wherein the audience was informed that they were the Fool and Page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity." So, again, in iii. 5, we have Alcibiades pleading with the Senate in behalf of a condemned soldier whose name has not been mentioned, nor any thing said of the act for which the Senate are passing upon his life. The whole matter comes in most abruptly, insomuch that our thoughts can hardly choose but cast about for some scene or dialogue which has been omitted or forgotten.

It may be worth noting also, that in the Shakespeare portions there is never any difficulty in distinguishing what was meant for verse and what for prose; while in the Anonymous portions the two are often hardly possible to be distinguished. So, in i. 1, the speech of Apemantus, "Achès contract and starve your supple joints," &c., is printed in the original as prose; yet any good ear used to Shakespeare can hardly fail to recognize it as verse, and such verse as carries the mind at once to the greatest of poets. On the other hand, the Anonymous portions abound in speeches which the original prints as verse, but which run in so hobbling, disjointed, and jolting a fashion, that neither the ear nor the mind can possibly read or receive them as such. Several of these I print as prose, — though good prose they certainly are not, — in order to save the reader from the vexation of trying to read as verse what cannot be so read.

The story of Timon the Misanthrope appears to have been something of a commonplace in the literature of Shakespeare's time. We have an allusion to it in *Love's Labours Lost*, iv. 3: "And critic Timon laugh at idle toys." Also in a collection of Epigrams and Satires published in 1598, and entitled *Skialetheia:* "Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits." But by far the most noteworthy use of the theme is in the form of a play which has come down to our time in manuscript, and is supposed to have been written or transcribed about the year 1600. An edition of

it was set forth by Dyce for the Shakespeare Society in 1842. "That our Poet," says Dyce, "had any acquaintance with it, I much doubt; for it certainly was never performed in London,— being a drama intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience." There are indeed some close resemblances of incident between this play and Shakespeare's; but none such as to infer any thing more than a drawing from a common source.

The most popular authority for the character of Timon in Shakespeare's day was Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, in the first volume of which, published before 1567, "the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens, with his death, burial, and epitaph," is briefly set forth, the matter being professedly derived from Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius*. I subjoin the passage about Timon, as given in North's translation of Plutarch, 1579:

"This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato and Aristophanes' comedies; in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus, wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant, to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him, 'I do it, because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called *Choæ* at Athens, where they make sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead, and that they two then feasted together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other, 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon!' Timon answered, 'Yea, so thou wert not here.' It is reported also, that this Timon on a time, the people being assembled in the market-place about dispatch of some affairs, got up into the pulpit for orations; and, silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard at my house where

there groweth a fig-tree, on which many citizens have hanged themselves; and, because I mean to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that, before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!

It is reported that Timon himself, when he lived, made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.

Many other things could we tell you of this Timon, but this little shall suffice for this present."

The account given by Paynter agrees with this in all material points. There can be no doubt that one of these sources furnished the idea of Apemantus, as also of the "tree which grows here in my close," and of the "everlasting mansion upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood"; neither of these being found in the place whence other materials of the play were drawn.

The rest of the story was derived, directly or indirectly, from Lucian's dialogue of *Timon, or the Man-hater*. Malone thinks the Poet could not have borrowed directly from Lucian, because there was then no English translation of the dialogue in question. In the first place, however, it would be something hard to prove this, the only evidence being, that no such translation of that date has come down to us. In the second place, there is known to have been both a Latin and an Italian version of Lucian at that time; and it is altogether likely that Shakespeare knew enough of both these languages to be able to read a piece of that kind. I subjoin a close abstract of those passages of Lucian from which the borrowings were chiefly made.

While Timon is dwelling in solitary exile, and working hard with his spade, Jupiter, on learning how matters stand with him,

sends the gods Mercury and Plutus to cheer and relieve him. The two gods find him digging, and the three together hold a pretty long talk, which is brimful of the keenest and raciest satire and invective. This done, the gods leave him, Plutus having first exhorted him to keep on digging, and having commanded treasure to put itself in his way. Timon then resumes his spade, and presently overhauls a mass of treasure, whereupon he breaks forth as follows: "It is, it must be, gold, fine, yellow, noble gold; heavy, sweet to look upon. Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treasure! Now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover? You, my spade and blanket, shall be hung up as my votive acknowledgment to the great deity. I will purchase some retired spot, and there build a tower to keep my gold in: this shall be my habitation, and, when dead, my grave also. From this time forth, I will despise acquaintance, friendship, compassion; to pity the distressed, to relieve the indigent, I shall hold a crime: my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude. Kindred, friends, and country are empty names, respected by none but fools. Let Timon only be rich, and scorn all the world besides: abhorring praise and flattery, I will have pleasure in myself alone; alone I will sacrifice to the gods, feast alone, be my own neighbour and companion; and, when I am dead, the fairest name I would be distinguished by is Misanthrope. Yet I would that all might know how rich I am, as this would heighten their misery. But hush! whence all this noise and hurry? What crowds are here, all covered with dust, and out of breath! They have smelt out the gold! Shall I mount this hill, and pelt them with stones? or shall I for once hold some parley with them? It will make them more unhappy, when they find how I despise them; therefore I will stay and receive them."

He is then approached, first, by Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new song; and of whom he says, "The other day, when I asked him for a supper, he held out a rope, though he had emptied many a cask with me." Next comes Philiades, a flatterer; "to whom," says Timon, "I gave a large piece of

ground, and two talents for his daughter's portion; yet, afterwards, when I was sick and begged his help, the wretch fell upon me and beat me." The third comer is Demeas, an orator: "He," says Timon, "was bound to the State for seventeen talents, and, being unable to pay it, I took pity on him and redeemed him; yet, when he was distributing the public money to our tribe, and I asked him for my share, he declared he did not know me." The fourth is Thrasycles, a philosopher, of whom Timon speaks as follows: "This fellow, if you meet him in the morning, shall be well clad, modest and humble, and will talk to you by the hour about piety and virtue, condemn luxury and praise frugality; but, when he comes to supper in the evening, will forget all he has said in the morning, devour every thing before him, crowd his neighbours, and lean upon the dishes, as if he expected to find the virtue he talked so much of at the bottom of them. Then he gets drunk, dances, sings, scolds, and abuses everybody; always talking in his cups, and haranguing others about temperance, though himself so drunk as to be the laughing-stock of all about him." To these succeed Laches, Blepsias, Gniphon, and "a whole heap of scoundrels"; and all of them are treated to thwackings with the spade or pelting with stones, till they are content to leave him alone; whereupon the dialogue closes.

It may be observed that neither Lucian nor Plutarch furnishes any hint towards the banquet which Timon gets up for his false friends. In the old play, mentioned before, Timon is represented as inviting them to a feast, and setting before them stones painted to look like artichokes, with which he afterwards pelts them and drives them out. How Shakespeare's Timon came to resemble the other in this point, is a question for those who have the curiosity and the leisure to pursue it. But the resemblance between Lucian and Shakespeare is especially close in the apostrophe of Timon upon finding the gold; and, as the anonymous play has no such resemblance, this infers that the Poet's borrowings from Lucian were not made through that medium.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, } Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.
VENTIDIUS, one of his false Friends.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.
APEMANTUS, a Cynic.
Steward to Timon.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
FLAVIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, } Servants to Timon.

An old Athenian.
CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, HORTENSIUS, And others. } Servants to Timon's Creditors.
A Page.
A Fool.
Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the masque.
Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*Athens and the woods adjoining.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold recórd not matches? — See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. — I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breathed,[1] as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.[2]

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate:[3] but, for that —

Poet. [Reading from his poem.]

When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. [*Looking at the jewel.*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord?

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourishèd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

[1] *Breathed* is *exercised* or *practised;* a frequent usage. Still, to speak of being exercised *to* a thing sounds odd: we should say exercised *in*. But Shakespeare has other like expressions, such as "guilty *to* self-wrong." See vol. vii. page 233, note 57.

[2] *Passes* is *excels, surpasses.* So the phrase still in use, "It *passes* expression." See vol. vii. page 174, note 1.

[3] To *touch the estimate* is to *reach*, or *come up to*, the *price* set upon it.

Each bound it chafes.[4] What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well[5] and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.[6]
Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his[7] own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.[8]
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors Nature: artificial strife[9]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

[4] So in *King Lear*, iv. 6: "The murmuring surge, that on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles *chafes*." The meaning is, that a poet's vein flows spontaneously, like a stream, and passes right on as if scorning the banks that it chafes.

[5] To *come off well* is to *succeed*, to *accomplish its purpose*.

[6] *Indifferent* here is what we call *tolerable*. See vol. xiv. page 222, note 16.

[7] *His* for *its*, referring to *grace*. The language, however, is elliptical; the meaning being, "How the *graceful attitude of this figure* expresses its firmness of character!"

[8] The dumb gesture is so expressive, that one can easily put the meaning of it into words.

[9] *Artificial strife* for the *strife of art*. Heath explains, "The execution of the pencil emulating Nature displays a life in those touches which is livelier than even life itself." So in *Venus and Adonis*:

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens. Happy man!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly,[10] but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:[11] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.[12]
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I'll unbolt[13] to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds —
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality — tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties[14] to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer[15]

[10] Does not fasten upon any particular person or character.

[11] This expression is very odd. The best explanation of it that I have met with is Dr. Ingleby's, who observes that "'A wide sea of wax' seems to be merely an affected and pedantic mode of indicating a sea that widens with the flood." The Poet uses to *wax* repeatedly for to *grow;* and Falstaff makes it the pivot of a pun, speaking of himself: "A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of *wax*, my *growth* would approve the truth."

[12] Explained by Johnson thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levell'd* at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage." — To *level* is to *aim*. "But flies an eagle flight" is elliptical; *it*, referring to *course*, being understood after *But*.

[13] *Unbolt* is *open*, *unfold*, *explain*.

[14] To *property* is to *take possession* or *appropriate*. See vol. v. page 221, note 13.

[15] *Glass-faced*, because he apes his patron, or takes him for his model, and so tries to do him the office of a looking-glass.

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir,
I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:[16] amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to th' scope.[17]
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the sleepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.[18]

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late —
Some better than his value — on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings[19] in his ear,

[16] Meaning, probably, to *advance* or *further* their *interest*. *State* and *estate* were used indiscriminately. See vol. vi. page 141, note 17.

[17] That is, *aptly* or *adequately* conceived; imagined in a style suitable to the purpose or the subject.

[18] *Condition* for *art* or *profession*. Not so used elsewhere by the Poet, I think. In old English, however, *condition* and *quality* readily pass into each other; and *quality* often stands for *calling* or *pursuit*.

[19] Pour libations of whispered sycophancy, as to a god. Gray has a like passage in his well-known *Elegy:*

Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.[20]

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to th' mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that men's eyes have seen
The foot above the head.[21]

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; a* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him;* LUCILIUS *and other* Attendants *following.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Serv. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:[22]
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

[20] Act as if the very air they breathe, which is free to all, were his special gift to them.

[21] Meaning, simply, that men have seen the loftiest cast down, and the lowest raised up or advanced above them.

[22] *Strait*, here, is *strict, exacting*, or *rigid*. So in *Measure for Measure*, ii. 1: "Let but your Honour know,—whom I believe to be most *strait* in virtue," &c.

My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help;
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Serv. All happiness to your Honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Luc. [*Coming forward.*] Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be Timon's:

His honesty rewards him in itself;[23]
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.
Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state of fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not owed to you![24]
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and Old* Athenian.
Poet. [*Presenting his poem.*] Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

[23] That is, will be Timon's *servant*, or will be *true* to Timon; and so the honesty that keeps him faithful to Timon will bring or *bear* him his reward. — *Bear*, in the next line, is *win* or *gain*.

[24] "May I never have any estate or fortune which I shall not consider strictly due to you, and as much your own as if it were secured to you by law."

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?

Pain. [*Presenting his painting.*] A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For, since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He's but outside:[25] these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?[26]

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew[27] me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizèd by their masters:[28] believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

[25] *Dishonour* here means *dishonesty.* Since falsehood and hypocrisy drive their trade in man's nature, his outside, which is all that we can see, is no sure index of what is within; but in pictures of men there is no such cheating; they mean just what they say.

[26] The Jeweller understands Timon as saying *underpraise.* — WALKER.

[27] *Unclew* is equivalent to *undo.* The proper meaning of the word is to *unwind; clew* or *clue* being an old name for any thing round, as a ball of yarn, or that on which a ball of yarn is wound.

[28] Are rated *according to* the esteem or honour in which their owners are held. The use of *by* for *according to* is still not uncommon.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here:
Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear it, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

**Jew.* You know me, Apemantus?

**Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

**Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

**Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

**Tim.* Whither art going?

**Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

**Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

**Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

**Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

**Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

**Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

**Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet
*he's but a filthy piece of work.

**Pain.* You're a dog.

**Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I
*be a dog?

**Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

**Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

**Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

**Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

**Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

**Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.

**Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

**Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost *a man a doit.[29]

**Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

**Apem.* Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet!

**Poet.* How now, philosopher!

**Apem.* Thou liest.

**Poet.* Art not one?

**Apem.* Yes.

**Poet.* Then I lie not.

**Apem.* Art not a poet?

**Poet.* Yes.

**Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou *hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

**Poet.* That's not feign'd; he is so.

**Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy *labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flat- *terer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

**Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

**Apem.* E'en as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with *my heart.

**Tim.* What, thyself?

**Apem.* Ay.

**Tim.* Wherefore?

**Apem.* That I had so wanted wit to be a lord.[30] — Art *not thou a merchant?

29 Alluding, perhaps, to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars."

30 "That I had been such a natural *want-wit as* to be made a lord."

**Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

**Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

**Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

**Apem.* Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound within. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. —
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
You must needs dine with me. — Go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you. — When our dinner's done,
Show me this piece. — I'm joyful of your sights. —

Enter ALCIBIADES *and the rest, with* Attendants.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there! —
Achès[31] contract and starve your supple joints! —
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain[32] of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart,[33] we'll share a bounteous time

Apemantus is giving the reason why he should hate himself if he were a lord; and it is in character for him to assign as his reason, that, in order to be a lord, he must needs have been born a dunce.

31 *Aches*, the plural of *ache*, was used as a dissyllable in Shakespeare's time, and was sounded like the letter H. See vol. vii. page 32, note 85. — To *starve* here means to *cripple* or *stiffen*. Rheumatic fevers sometimes so dry the knee-joints as to take the *suppleness* out of them. See vol. vii. page 91, note 56.

32 *Strain* is *stock* or *race*. Often so. See vol. xiv. page 109, note 11.

33 *Depart* for *part;* the two being often used interchangeably. See vol. x. page 40, note 58.

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

**Enter two* Lords.

**1 Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

**Apem.* Time to be honest.

**1 Lord.* The time serves still.

**Apem.* The more accursèd thou, that still omitt'st it.

**2 Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

**Apem.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

**2 Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

**Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

**2 Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

**Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to *give thee none.

**1 Lord.* Hang thyself?

**Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy *requests to thy friend.

**2 Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

**Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

**1 Lord.* He's opposite to humanity.* Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed[34] but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.[35]

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

[34] *Meed* for *merit* or *desert.* Repeatedly so. See vol. ix. page 98, note 3.

[35] "All *use of quittance*" is all *customary requital,* all usual returns in discharge of obligations. See vol. xii. page 33, note 2.

2 Lord. Long may he live
In's fortunes! Shall we in?
1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE II. — *The Same. A Room of State in* TIMON'S *House.*

**Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in;*
**the* Steward *and others attending; then enter* TIMON,
*ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, *and* VENTIDIUS. *Then comes,*
**dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

**Ven.* Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleased the gods to
*remember my father's age, and call him to long peace.
*He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
*Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
*To your free heart, I do return those talents,
*Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
*I derived liberty.
**Tim.* O, by no means,
*Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
*I gave it freely ever; and there's none
*Can truly say he gives, if he receives.
*If our betters play at that game, we must not dare to imitate
*them; faults that are rich are fair.[1]
**Ven.* A noble spirit!
*[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on* TIMON.
**Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
*to set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes, recanting
*goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown; but, where there is true
*friendship, there needs none. Pray, sit; more welcome are
*ye to my fortunes than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

[1] The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and, as the world goes, are thought fair, but they are faults notwithstanding. — HEATH.

**1 Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

**Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it,[2] have you not?

**Tim.* O, Apemantus; you are welcome.

**Apem.* No; you shall not make me welcome: I come *to have thee thrust me out of doors.

**Tim.* Fie, thou'rt a churl: you've got a humour there
*Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
*They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est;* but yond man is *ever angry.—Go, let him have a table by himself; for he *does neither affect company, nor is he fit for it, indeed.

**Apem.* Let me not stay, at thine apperil,[3] Timon:
*I come t' observe; I give thee warning on't.

**Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, there- *fore welcome: I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let *my meat make thee silent.

**Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for[4] I *should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of *men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
*So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
*And all the madness is, he cheers them up to't.
*I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
*Methinks they should invite them without knives;[5]
*Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
*There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him *now, parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him

[2] Alluding, perhaps, to a proverbial saying common in Shakespeare's time, "Confess, and be hang'd."

[3] *Apperil* is an old word for *peril;* used repeatedly so by Jonson.

[4] *For* in its old sense of *because* or *since.* Heath explains the passage thus: "I scorn thy meat, which I see is prepared on purpose to feed flatterers; and therefore it would certainly choke me, who am none."

[5] In old times the guests invited to a banquet were expected to bring their own knives. As for *forks, fingers* supplied their place.—The meaning of the next line appears to be, "If guests brought no knives, they would eat less food and be less apt to kill the feeder."

*in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has *been proved. If I wēre a huge man, I should fear to drink *at meals;
*Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:[6]
*Great men should drink with harness[7] on their throats.

*Tim. [To a Lord who drinks to him.] My lord, in
*heart;[8] and let the health go round.

*2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his *tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look *ill, Timon.—Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, *honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
*This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
*Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

*APEMANTUS' GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
*I pray for no man but myself:
*Grant I may never prove so fond,[9]
*To trust man on his oath or bond;
*Or a harlot, for her weeping;
*Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
*Or a keeper with my freedom;
*Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
*Amen. So fall to't:
*Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

*Much good dich[10] thy good heart, Apemantus!

[6] The "windpipe's notes" were the sounds or motions made by the throat in drinking. Men ordinarily used to go with their throats bare. Probably a quibble was intended on *windpipe* and *notes*.

[7] *Harness* is *armour*. See vol. xi. page 86, note 20.

[8] The meaning is, "Your health, my lord, in *all sincerity*."

[9] *Fond* is *foolish*: commonly so in old English.

[10] "Apparently a corruption of *do it*, or *may it do*," says Nares.

**Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

**Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

**Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than *a dinner of friends.

**Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no *meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

**Apem.* Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, *then, that thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

**1 Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, *that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might ex- *press some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for *ever perfect.[11]

**Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods them- *selves have provided that I shall have much help from you: *how had you been my friends else? why have you not that *charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong *to my heart?[12] I have told more of you to myself than you *can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I *confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any *friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the *most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for *'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up *in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I *have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer *to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or *properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? *O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like *brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en *made away ere't can be born![13] Mine eyes cannot hold

[11] That is, think we had arrived at the *perfection of happiness.*

[12] The meaning is, "Why do not thousands more give you the loving title of friends, but that my heart has a special privilege of your friendship?"

[13] Timon refers to the tears which, as he is speaking, fill his eyes, and so

*out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to
*you.

**Apem.* Thou weep'st to make them drink,[14] Timon.

**2 Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
*And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

**Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

**3 Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

**Apem.* Much![15] [*Tucket sounded within.*

**Tim.* What means that trump?—

**Enter a* Servant.

*How now!

**Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most
*desirous of admittance.

**Tim.* Ladies! what are their wills?

**Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
*which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

**Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

**Enter* Cupid.

**Cup.* Hail to the worthy Timon, and to all
*That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
*Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
*To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,

choke the joy that was just coming to the birth. Shakespeare has the same thought repeatedly. See vol. iv. page 156, note 2.

[14] I do not well see the meaning of this. Perhaps *to make* is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, and so is equivalent to *at making.* This would give us a significant equivoque, one meaning of which is, "You weep *because they are drinking you out of house and home.*" Heath explains it thus: "The words *Thou weep'st* do not only refer to the tears then actually shed, but to those future ones for which Timon was laying the foundation; so that the passage should be interpreted as implying a prediction that the excess of drinking to which he was now encouraging his false friends, would prove the source of tears to him flowing from real regret."

[15] *Much!* was sometimes used as an ironical expression of contempt and denial. See vol. xi. page 167, note 20.

*Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise:
*These only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admit-
*tance: —
*Music, make known their welcome! [*Exit* CUPID.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a Masque of* Ladies *as Amazons with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way! *they dance! they are mad women.[16] Like madness is the *glory of this life, as this pomp shows to a little oil and root.[17] *We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves; and spend *our flatteries, to drink those men, upon whose age we void *it up again, with poisonous spite and envy.
*Who lives, that's not depravèd or depraves?
*Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
*Of their friends' gift? — Timon, were I as thou,
*I should fear, those that dance before me now
*Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
*Men shut their doors against a setting Sun.

**The* Lords *rise from the table, with much adoring*[18] *of* TIMON; **and, to show their loves, each singles out an* Amazon, *and*

[16] This thought was probably borrowed from the puritanical writers of the time. So Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1583: "*Dauncers*, thought to be *madmen*." Again: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men *daunce*, ran away, marvellously affraid, crying out, and thinking them mad."

[17] The glory of this life is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when *compared with* the frugal repast of one feeding on oil and roots.

[18] To *adore* was used in the sense of to *honour* or to *respect*. So in iv 3, of this play: "This yellow slave will knit and break religions; bless the accursed; make the hoar leprosy *adored*." And in Greene's *Tu Quoque*:

**all dance; Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the*
**hautboys, and cease.*

**Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
*ladies,
*Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
*Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
*You've added worth unto't and lively lustre,
*And entertain'd me with mine own device:
*I am to thank you for't.

**1 Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

**Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold *taking, I doubt[19] me.

**Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: please *you to dispose yourselves.

**All Ladies.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*[*Exeunt* CUPID *and* Ladies.

**Tim.* Steward, —

**Stew.* My lord?

**Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

**Stew.* Yes, my lord. — [*Aside.*] More jewels yet!
*There is no crossing him in this his humour;
*Else I should tell him, — well, i'faith, I should, —
*When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then,[20] an he could.
*'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,[21]
*That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

**1 Lord.* Where be our men?

**Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

"How apparel makes a man *respected!* the very children in the street do *adore* me."

19 To *fear* and to *suspect* are among the old senses of to *doubt.*

20 An equivoque is doubtless intended here between *having money* and being *crossed* or *thwarted;* certain coins in the Poet's time being stamped with a *cross* on one side, and so called *crosses.* See vol. v. page 37, note 1.

21 "Eyes behind," that they might be able to foresee the evils and miseries that are to come upon them.

*2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Re-enter the Steward *with the casket.*

**Tim.* O, my friends, I have one word to say to you.— *Look you, my good lord, I must entreat you, honour me so *much as to advance this jewel;[22] accept it and wear it, kind *my lord.

*1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

**All.* So are we all.

**Enter a* Servant.

**Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the Senate *newly alighted, and come to visit you.

**Tim.* They're fairly welcome.

**Stew.* I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word; it *does concern you near.

**Tim.* Near! why, then another time I'll hear thee: I *pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

**Stew.* [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

**Enter a second* Servant.

*2 *Serv.* May it please your Honour, Lord Lucius, out *of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white *horses, trapp'd in silver.

**Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents be *worthily entertain'd.—

**Enter a third* Servant.

*How now! what news?

*3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, *Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt *with him; and has sent your Honour two brace of grey- *hounds.

**Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,

[22] That is, *enhance its value, raise it to honour.*

*Not without fair reward.

*Stew. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? he commands *us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty *coffer:
*Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
*To show him what a beggar his heart is,
*Being of no power to make his wishes good.
*His promises fly so beyond his state,
*That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
*For every word: he is so kind, he now
*Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
*Well, would I were put gently out of office,
*Before I were forced out!
*Happier is he that has no friend to feed
*Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
*I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

**Tim.* You do yourselves
*Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.—
*Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

**2 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

**3 Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty!

**Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave good *words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, *because you liked it.

**1 Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

**Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
*Can justly praise but what he can affect:
*I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
*I tell you true.—I'll call to you.

**All Lords.* O, none so welcome.

**Tim.* I take all and your several visitations
*So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
*Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
*And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

*Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
*It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
*Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
*Lie in a pitch'd field.
*_Alcib._ Ay, defiled land,[23] my lord.
*_1 Lord._ We are so virtuously bound —
*_Tim._ And so am I to you.
*_2 Lord._ So infinitely endear'd —
*_Tim._ All to you![24] — Lights, more lights!
*_1 Lord._ The best of happiness,
*Honour, and fortune, keep with you, Lord Timon!
*_Tim._ Ready for his friends.
*[_Exeunt all but_ APEMANTUS _and_ TIMON.
*_Apem._ What a coil's[25] here!
*Serving of becks,[26] and jutting-out of bums!
*I doubt whether their legs[27] be worth the sums
*That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
*Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
*Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on courtesies.
*_Tim._ Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
*I would be good to thee.

*_Apem._ No, I'll nothing; for, if I should be bribed too, *there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou *wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear *me thou wilt give away thyself in person shortly: what need *these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

*_Tim._ Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am

23 A quibble on the word _pitch;_ land _defiled_, because it is "a _pitch'd_ field." So in _1 King Henry IV._, ii. 4: "This _pitch_, as ancient writers do report, doth _defile_."

24 Probably meaning, "All good wishes, all happiness, to you!"

25 _Coil_ is _bustle, stir;_ what we call _fuss._ See vol. iv. page 208, note 4.

26 A _beck_ is a _nod_, a salutation with the head.

27 Playing on the word _leg: a leg_ or _making a leg_ was much used, to denote an _act of obeisance._ See vol. xi. page 64, note 47.

*sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with
*better music. [*Exit.*

**Apem.* So; thou wilt not hear me now;
*Thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven[28] from thee. —
*O, that men's ears should be
*To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Athens. A Room in a* Senator's *House.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses: no grim porter at his gate;[1]
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.[2] — Caphis, ho!

[28] By *heaven* he means *good advice;* the only thing by which, in his opinion, Timon could be saved.

[1] It appears that to be *stern* or *surly* was a common characteristic of porters; hence a smiling one was a thing to be remarked upon. So in *A Knight's Conjuring*, by Dekker: "You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoe's porter is like one of those big fellowes that stand like gyants at lordes gates. Yet hee's *surly* as those key-turners are."

[2] *Reason* cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* and solid foundation. — JOHNSON.

Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my moneys: be not ceased[3]
With slight denial; nor then silenced when
Commend me to your master, and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates[4]
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most impórtunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,[5]
Which[6] flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

[3] The Poet repeatedly uses to *cease* as a transitive verb; hence admitting of the *passive* voice. See vol. viii. page 248, note 3.

[4] *Fracted dates* are *bonds* that have run past the *dates* specified for payment, and so are *broken*.

[5] A play on the word *gull*, which meant *a bird* and *a dupe*. Defined by Wilbraham, in his *Attempt at a Glossary*, &c.: "A naked gull; so are called all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state."

[6] *Which* for *who*, referring to *Timon*. The relatives were used indiscriminately.

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter the Steward, *with many bills in his hand.*

Stew. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him; no reserve, no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.[1]
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round[2] with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro:[3] what,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is; — and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. — With me? what is your will?

[1] One of these infinitives, I am not certain which, but probably the latter, appears to be used gerundively. So that the meaning may come something thus: "Never mind was formed, or fated, to be so unwise *by being* so kind." Hanmer, however, sets a comma after *Was.* This makes the sense a little different, thus: Never was a mind formed to be so kind *by being* so unwise. See Critical Notes.

[2] *Round* is *plain-spoken, downright.* Often so.

[3] Servants were often addressed by the name of their masters. — *Good even*, or *good den*, was the common salutation *after noon*, or from the time when *good morning*, or *good morrow*, ceased to be proper.

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.—[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and* Lords.
[*To the* Stew.] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour.
Stew. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. —
See them well entertain'd. *[*Exit.*

**Stew.* Pray you, draw near. [*Exit.*

**Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus: *let's ha' some sport with 'em.

**Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

**Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!

**Enter* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.[4]

**Var. Serv.* How dost, Fool?

**Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

**Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

**Apem.* No, 'tis to thyself. — [*To the* Fool.] Come away.

**Isid. Serv.* [*To* VAR. *Serv.*] There's the Fool hangs on *your back already.

**Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

**Caph.* Who's the fool now?

**Apem.* He last ask'd the question. — Poor rogues, and *usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

**All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

**Apem.* Asses.

**All Serv.* Why?

**Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know *yourselves. — Speak to 'em, Fool.

**Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

**All Serv.* Gramercies,[5] good Fool: how does your mis-*tress?

[4] This Fool, and also the Page who enters a little after, appear to be the servants or the appendages of some courtesan or some bawd. See vol. vi. page 155, note 20.

[5] *Gramercies* is, properly, *great thanks;* from the French *grand merci.* The word is commonly used in the singular, as a little after.

**Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens *as you are.[6] Would we could see you at Corinth![7]

**Apem.* Good! gramercy.

**Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

**Enter* Page.

**Page.* [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain! what do *you in this wise company? — How dost thou, Apemantus?

**Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might *answer thee profitably.

**Page.* Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription *of these letters: I know not which is which.

**Apem.* Canst not read?

**Page.* No.

**Apem.* There will little learning die, then, that day thou *art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. *Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

**Page.* Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish, *a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

**Apem.* E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. [*Exit* Page.] — *Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.[8]

**Fool.* Will you leave me there?

**Apem.* If Timon stay at home. — You three serve three *usurers?

**All Serv.* Ay; would they served us!

**Apem.* So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman *served thief.

[6] An equivoque, alluding to the scalding of chickens to get the feathers off, and also to the *sweating-tub* used in curing a certain disease; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to parboyl." See vol. vi. page 192, note 5.

[7] *Corinth* here stands for a house of ill-fame; the character of the Corinthian women having been such, that the name came to mean a prostitute.

[8] There appears to be some strange confusion here. The speakers are already *at Timon's*, the scene being in Timon's house. See preface.

**Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

**All Serv.* Ay, Fool.

**Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to[9] his servant: *my mistress is one, and I am her Fool. When men come *to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go *away merrily; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, *and go away sadly: the reason of this?

* *Var. Serv.* I could render one.

**Apem.* Do it, then, that we may account thee a whore-*master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be *no less esteemed.

* *Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, Fool?

**Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. *'Tis a spirit: sometime't appears like a lord; sometime *like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones *more than's artificial one:[10] he is very often like a knight; *and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in *from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

* *Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

**Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery *as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

**Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

**All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

**Re-enter* TIMON *and the* Steward.

**Apem.* Come with me, Fool, come.

**Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and *woman; sometime the philosopher.

*[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Stew. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

[9] Here *to* is equivalent to *as* or *for*. Often so. See vol. vii. page 41, note 9.

[10] Meaning the philosopher's-stone, which was the grand object of alchemical research, and which was much sought after in the Poet's time.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Stew. You would not hear me;
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[11]
Thus to excuse yourself.

Stew. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-loved lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's a time too late;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

[11] The construction is, "And you made that unaptness your minister." That is, you made my indisposition *serve your purpose.*

Stew. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[12] have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retired me to a wakeful couch
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Stew. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Lord Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my hands;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends?[13] Secure thy heart;

[12] *Offices* here means those rooms of a house which are used for keeping and preparing all sorts of gastric refreshments or table-cheer. So in *Othello*, ii. 2: "All *offices* are open; and there is full liberty of *feasting* from this hour of five till the bell have told eleven." See vol. x. page 145, note 12.

[13] A variation of Burke's aphoristic saying: "He that accuses all mankind of corruption ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one."

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[14] of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Stew. Assurance bless your thoughts![15]

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,[16]
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there! Flavius! Servilius!

Enter FLAVIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: *[*To* SERVIL.] you to *Lord Lucius;—[*To* FLAV.] to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted *with his Honour to-day;—[*To another* Serv.] you to Sem- *pronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, *that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a *supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

**Flav.* As you have said, my lord.

[*Exit with* SERVILIUS *and another* Servant.

**Stew.* [*Aside.*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. [*To another* Serv.] Go you, sir, to the Senators;
Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing; bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me. [*Exit* Servant.

Stew. I have been bold—

—"*Secure* thy heart" is equivalent to *make* thy heart *easy*, that is, *disburden* it of *care*. So Shakespeare often uses the adjective *secure* in the sense of *careless* or *negligent*.

14 *Argument* for *contents*. The word is still used, to signify the *contents* of a book or a poem.

15 That is, may your confidence in others *prove a blessing to you*.

16 *Crown'd* here is *dignified* or *made noble;* raised to honour.

For that I knew it the most general[17] way —
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.
Tim. Is't true? can't be?
Stew. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry, — you are honourable, —
But yet they could have wish'd — they know not what; —
Something hath been amiss, — a noble nature
May catch a wrench, — would all were well, — 'tis pity:
And so, intending[18] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,[19]
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.
Tim. You gods, reward them! —
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. —
[*To another* Serv.] Go to Ventidius, — [*To the* Stew.] Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou'rt true and honest; ingeniously[20] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee: — [*To the same* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd

[17] *General* in the sense of *usual* or *common*.

[18] *Intending* for *pretending;* the two being often used interchangeably. See vol. ix. page 218, note 2.

[19] *Fractions* here means *broken hints*, *fragments* of speech. — A *half-cap* is a cap *slightly moved*, not taken off; a ceremony of respect, with a sneer lurking behind it.

[20] *Ingenious* in its old sense of *ingenuous*. See vol. xiv. page 297, note 28.

Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents.— [*Exit* Serv.
[*To the* Stew.] That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Stew. I would I could not think't; that thought is bounty's foe:
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

*SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in* LUCULLUS'S *House.*

*FLAVIUS *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

**Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is coming down *to you.

**Flav.* I thank you, sir.

**Enter* LUCULLUS.

**Serv.* Here's my lord.

**Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I *warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin *and ewer to-night.—Flavius, honest Flavius; you are very *respectively[1] welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit* *Serv.]—And how does that honourable, complete, free-

[1] *Respectively* for *respectfully.* So in Defoe's *Colonel Jack*, 1738: "She bow'd to me very *respectively.*"

*hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord *and master?

Flav. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and *what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flavius?

Flav. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in *my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply; *who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, *hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting *your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la; *nothing doubting*, says he? Alas, *good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so *good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with *him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, *of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would em- *brace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every *man has his fault, and honesty[2] is his: I ha' told him on't, *but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flavius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's *to thee. [*Drinks, and then gives him wine.*

Flav. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt *spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one that knows what be- *longs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use *thee well: good parts in thee. — [*To* Serv.] Get you gone, *sirrah. [*Exit* Serv.] — Draw nearer, honest Flavius. Thy *lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou *knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this *is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship,

[2] *Honesty* for *liberality* or *generosity*. So Baret: "That *nobleness of spirit* or *honesty* that free-born men have."

*without security. Here's three solidares [3] for thee: good *boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee *well.

**Flav.* Is't possible the world should so much differ,
*And we alive that lived? [4] Fly, damnèd baseness,
*To him that worships thee! [*Throwing the money back.*

**Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy *master. [*Exit.*

**Flav.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!
*Let molten coin be thy damnation,[5]
*Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
*Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
*It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
*I feel my master's passion! [6] Why, this slave
*Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:
*Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment
*In him, when he is turn'd to poison? O,
*May disease only work upon't! and, when
*He's sick to death, let not that part of's nature
*Which my lord paid for be of any power
*To expel sickness, but prolong his [7] hour! [*Exit.*

[3] *Solidares* was probably formed by the author from the Italian *solido*, which Florio defines "a coine called a *sould* or *shilling*."

[4] Meaning, probably, "Is it possible the world should have grown so different during the time that we have lived?"

[5] The covetous and avaricious were represented as being punished in Hell by having melted gold poured down their throats. So in an old ballad, *The Dead Man's Song*: "Ladles full of *melted gold* were pourèd down their throats."

[6] *Passion* is here used in its original sense of *suffering* or *anguish*.

[7] *His*, again, for *its*, referring to *sickness*. The speaker's imprecation is, that the meat of Timon's which Lucullus has in him, or the strength derived from it, may only serve to feed his sickness, and thus prolong its duration.

*SCENE II. — *The Same. A public Place.*

**Enter* LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

**Luc.* Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, *and an honourable gentleman.

**1 Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but *strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and *which I hear from common rumours: Now Lord Timon's *happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from *him.

**Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

**2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long *ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow *fifty talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what *necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

**Luc.* How!

**2 Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

**Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the *gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! *there was very little honour show'd in't. For my own part, *I must needs confess, I have received some little kindnesses *from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, *nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and *sent to me,[1] I should ne'er have denied his occasion so *many talents.

**Enter* SERVILIUS.

**Servil.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have swet *to see his Honour. — [*To* LUCIUS.] My honour'd lord, —

**Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:

[1] The meaning is, "Had Timon, *by mistake*, applied to me, I should not have denied him, though the favours I have received from him are but few compared to those he has conferred upon Lucullus."

*commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very *exquisite friend.

**Servil.* May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent —

**Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared *to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, *think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

**Servil.* 'Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; *requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with fifty *talents.

**Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me;
*He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

**Servil.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
*If his occasion were not virtuous,
*I should not urge it half so faithfully.

**Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

**Servil.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

**Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself *against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself *honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I should pur- *chase the day before, and, for a little part, undo a great deal *of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able *to do't, — the more beast, I say: I was sending to use Lord *Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would *not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend *me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his Honour *will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to *be kind. And tell him this from me: I count it one of my *greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an hon- *ourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so *far, as to use mine own words to him?

**Servil.* Yes, sir, I shall.

**Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. —

*[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

*True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;

*And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*
**1 Stran.* Did you observe this, Hostilius?
**2 Stran.* Ay, too well.
**1 Stran.* Why, this
*Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
*Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
*His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
*My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
*And kept his credit with his purse;
*Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
*Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
*But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
*And yet — O, see the monstrousness of man
*When he looks out in an ungrateful shape! —
*He does deny him, in respect of his,
*What charitable men afford to beggars.[2]
**3 Stran.* Religion groans at it.
**1 Stran.* For mine own part,
*I never tasted Timon in my life,
*Nor e'er came any of his bounties over me,
*To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
*For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
*And honourable carriage,
*Had his necessity made use of me,
*I would have put my wealth into donation,[3]
*And the best half should have return'd to him,
*So much I love his heart: but I perceive
*Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
*For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *In respect of* is here equivalent to *in comparison with;* a frequent usage. The meaning therefore is, that Lucius denies him that which, compared to his own fortune, is as trifling as the alms men give to beggars.

[3] Meaning, apparently, "I would have regarded my whole estate as a gift from him, and returned the greater part of it to him."

*SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in* SEMPRONIUS'S *House.*

**Enter* SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'S.

**Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't, — hum ! — 'bove all *others? He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus; *and now Ventidius is wealthy too, whom he redeem'd from *prison: all these owe their estates unto him.

**Serv.* My lord, they have all been touch'd,[1] and found *base metal; for they have all denied him.

**Sem.* How! have they denied him? have Ventidius, *Lucius, and Lucullus denied him? and does he send to me? *Three? hum! — It shows but little love or judgment in him: *must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, thrice *give him over: must I take the cure upon me? 'Has much *disgraced me in't; I'm angry at him, that might have known *my place: I see no sense for't, but his occasions might have *woo'd me first; for, in my conscience, I was the first man *that e'er received gift from him: and does he think so *backwardly of me now, that I'll requite it last? No: so I *may prove an argument of laughter to the rest, and 'mongst *lords be thought a fool. I'd rather than the worth of *thrice the sum, 'had sent to me first, but for my mind's *sake; I had such a courage to do him good. But now *return,
*And with their faint reply this answer join:
*Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

**Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The *Devil knew not what he did when he made man politic: he *crossed himself by't; and I cannot think but, in the end, *the villainies of man will set him clear.[2] How fairly this

1 That is, *tried* or *tested*, as with a *touchstone*.

2 The meaning seems to be this: In making man *crafty*, or *full of cunning shifts*, the Devil overreached or *thwarted* himself; for man is likely to

*lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies, to be
*wicked;[3] like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set
*whole realms on fire: of such a nature is his politic love.
*This was my lord's last hope; now all are fled,
*Save the gods only; now his friends are dead,
*Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards[4]
*Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
*Now to guard sure their master.
*And this is all a liberal course allows;
*Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.[5] [*Exit.*

*SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Hall in* TIMON'S *House.*

**Enter two* Servants *of* VARRO, *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, **meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *of* TIMON'S **Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

**1 Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hor- *tensius.

**Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

**Hor.* Lucius!
*What, do we meet together?

**Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think
*One business does command us all; for mine
*Is money.

**Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

outdo him so far in wickedness as to pluck his laurels from him, and make him seem but a poor devil after all.

3 *Copies* for the things copied; that is, *patterns* or *models*. And the meaning of the clause is, he sets patterns of virtue before his mind, that he may avoid being like them, or may shape himself to the contrary.

4 *Wards* is *keepers*: probably alluding to Timon's having been so unsparing in his hospitality, or his having, as we say, *kept open house*.

5 Must stay at home, or *within doors*, and keep a guard about him, to escape duns, and officers coming to arrest him for debt.

*_Enter_ PHILOTUS.

*_Luc. Serv._ And Sir Philotus too!

*_Phi._ Good day at once.

*_Luc. Serv._ Welcome, good brother. What do you think
*the hour?

*_Phi._ Labouring for nine.

*_Luc. Serv._ So much?

*_Phi._ Is not my lord seen yet?

*_Luc. Serv._ Not yet.

*_Phi._ I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

*_Luc. Serv._ Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him: *you must consider that a prodigal's course is like the Sun's;[1] *but not, like his, recoverable. I fear 'tis deepest winter in *Lord Timon's purse; that is, one may reach deep enough, *and yet find little.[2]

*_Phi._ I am of your fear for that.

*_Tit._ I'll show you how t'observe a strange event.
*Your lord sends now for money.

*_Hor._ Most true, he does.

*_Tit._ And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
*For which I wait for money.

*_Hor._ It is against my heart.

*_Luc. Serv._ Mark, how strange it shows,
*Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
*And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
*And send for money for 'em.

*_Hor._ I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
*I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
*And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*_Var. Serv._ Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's
*yours?

[1] That is, like the Sun's course, that it _ends in decline._

[2] Still referring, perhaps, to the effects of Winter, during which some animals have to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow.

**Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

**1 Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by *the sum your master's confidence was above mine; else, *surely, his had equall'd.[3]

**Enter* FLAVIUS.

**Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

**Luc. Serv.* Flavius! — Sir, a word: pray, is my lord *ready to come forth?

**Flav.* No, indeed, he is not.

**Tit.* We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

**Flav.* I need not tell him that; he knows you are too *diligent. [*Exit.*

**Enter the* Steward *in a cloak, muffled.*

**Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He *goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

**Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

**Both Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir, —

**Stew.* What do ye ask of me, my friends?

**Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

**Stew.* Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, 'twere *sure enough.
*Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
*When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
*Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
*And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.
*You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
*Let me pass quietly:
*Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
*I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

**Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

[3] That is, "else, surely, *my master's loan* had equalled his."

**Stew.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
*For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

**1 Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd Worship *mutter?

**2 Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's *revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has *no house to put his head in? such may rail against great *buildings.

**Enter* SERVILIUS.

**Tit.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some an- *swer.

**Servil.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some *other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my *soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfort- *able temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and *keeps his chamber.

**Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
*An if he be so far beyond his health,
*Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
*And make a clear way to the gods.

**Servil.* Good gods!

**Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

**Flav.* [*Within.*] Servilius, help! — My lord! my lord!

**Enter* TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAVIUS *following.*

**Tim.* What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
*Have I been ever free, and must my house
*Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
*The place which I have feasted, does it now,
*Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

**Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

**Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

**Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

**Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

**Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

**Phi.* All our bills.

**Tim.* Knock me down with 'em:[4] cleave me to the girdle.

**Luc. Serv.* Alas, my lord, —

**Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

**Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

**Tim.* Tell out my blood.

**Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

**Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that. — What yours? —
*and yours?

**1 Var. Serv.* My lord, —

**2 Var. Serv.* My lord, —

**Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
*[*Exit.*

**Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps
*at their money: these debts may well be call'd desperate
*ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

**Re-enter* TIMON *and the* Steward.

**Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
*Creditors? devils!

**Stew.* My dear lord, —

**Tim.* What if it should be so?

**Stew.* My lord, —

**Tim.* I'll have it so. — My steward!

**Stew.* Here, my lord.

**Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
*I'll once more feast the rascals.

**Stew.* O my lord,
*You only speak from your distracted soul;

[4] An implied pun; *bills* being formerly used to signify certain weapons, such as were carried by watchmen and foresters. See vol. v. page 18, note 10.

*There is not so much left to furnish out
*A moderate table.
**Tim.* Be't not in thy care; go,
*I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
*Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE V.—*The Same. The Senate-House.*

**The Senate sitting.*

**1 Sen.* My lords, you have my voice to it; the fault's
*Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
*Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
**2 Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

**Enter* ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

**Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate!
**1 Sen.* Now, captain?
**Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
*For pity is the virtue of the law,
*And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
*It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
*Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
*Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
*To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
*He is a man, setting this fault aside,
*Of comely virtues:
*Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
*An honour in him which buys out his fault;
*But with a noble fury and free spirit,
*Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
*He did oppose his foe:
*And with such sober and unnoted passion

*He did behave[1] his anger, ere 'twas spent,
*As if he had but proved an argument.
*1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,[2]
*Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
*Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
*To bring manslaughter into form, and set
*Quarrelling upon the head of valour; which
*Indeed is valour misbegot, and came
*Into the world when sects and factions
*Were newly born.
*He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
*The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
*His outsides, — wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
*And ne'er prefer[3] his injuries to his heart,
*To bring it into danger.
*If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
*What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
*Alcib. My lords, —
*1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
*To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
*Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
*If I speak like a captain.
*Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
*And not endure all threatenings? sleep upon't,

1 An odd use of *behave*, but meaning *control* or *manage*, as in the phrase "*behave* yourself." So in Davenant's *Just Italian*, 1630: "How well my stars *behave* their influence!" And in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 3, 40:

> But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
> *Behaves* with cares, cannot so easy mis.

2 "You *undertake* a paradox too *hard*."

3 To *recommend*, to *promote*, to *advance*, are among the old meanings of to *prefer*. The sense of the passage appears to be, "who treats the wrongs and injuries that are done him as things that do not touch him inwardly, and never does them honour by taking them to heart as matter of resentment, since this is giving them power to hurt him."

*And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
*Without repugnancy? Or, if there be
*Such valour in the bearing, what make we
*Abroad?[4] why, then women are more valiant
*That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
*And th' ass more captain than the lion; the felon
*Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
*If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
*As you are great, be pitifully good:
*Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
*To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;[5]
*But, in defence, by mercy,[6] 'tis most just.
*To be in anger is impiety;
*But who is man that is not angry?
*Weigh but the crime with this.

**2 Sen.* You breathe in vain.

**Alcib.* In vain! his service done
*At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
*Were a sufficient briber for his life.

**1 Sen.* What's that?

**Alcib.* I say, my lords, 'has done fair service,
*And slain in fight many of your enemies:
*How full of valour did he bear himself
*In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

**2 Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
*Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
*Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
*If there were no more foes, that were enough
*To overcome him: in that beastly fury
*He has been known to commit outrages

[4] Meaning, what *do* we *in the field?* that is, why do we wage foreign wars? This use of to *make* was very common. See vol. v. page 34, note 4.

[5] *Gust* has the sense here of *outbreak*, as when we say "a *gust* of wind."

[6] *By mercy* is here the same as *under favour*, or *if I may say so*.

*And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd[7] to us
*His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
**1 Sen.* He dies.
**Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.
*My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
*Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
*And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,
*Take my deserts to his, and jòin 'em both:
*And, for I know your reverend ages love
*Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
*My honours to you, upon his good return.
*If by this crime he owes the law his life,
*Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
*For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
**1 Sen.* We are for law; he dies; urge it no more,
*On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
*He forfeits his own blood that spills another.[8]
**Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
*I do beseech you, know me.
**2 Sen.* How!
**Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.
**3 Sen.* What!
**Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
*It could not else be I should prove so base
*To sue, and be denied such common grace:
*My wounds ache at you.
**1 Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
*'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
*We banish thee for ever.

[7] *Inferr'd* in its proper Latin sense of *brought in;* that is, reported or alleged. Repeatedly so. See vol. ix. page 221, note 18.

[8] Properly it should be *another's*, but a rhyme was evidently intended. Dyce, however, says, "*another blood* may certainly mean another blood than his own."

Alcib. Banish me!
*Banish your dotage; banish usury,
*That makes the Senate ugly.
*1 *Sen.* If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
*Attend our weightier judgment. And, to quell your spirit,
*He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.
**Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may
*live
*Only in bone, that none may look on you![9]
*I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
*While they have told their money, and let out
*Their coin upon large interest; I myself
*Rich only in large hurts: all those for this?
*Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate
*Pours into captains' wounds? Ha, banishment!
*It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
*It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
*That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
*My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.[10]
*'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;[11]
*Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

9 The only meaning I can attach to this strange passage is, "that you may live only *as skeletons*, things so hideous or so disgusting, that none can bear the sight of you." See Critical Notes.

10 Probably meaning, "I will make it my object to win the affections of the soldiers, and knit them to my person, so that I can scare or scourge the Senate into a better temper."

11 That is, governments are in general so ill administered, that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose. — HEATH.

SCENE VI. — *The Same. A magnificent Room in* TIMON'S *House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants *attending. Enter, at several doors, divers* Lords, — LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, Senators, &c.; *and* VENTIDIUS.

**1 Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

**2 Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable *lord did but try us this other day.

**1 Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring[1] when we *encounter'd: I hope it is not so low with him as he made *it seem in the trial of his several friends.

**2 Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new *feasting.

**1 Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest *inviting, which my many near occasions did urge me to *put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them,[2] and I must *needs appear.

**2 Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate *business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, *when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

**1 Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how *all things go.

**2 Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have *borrowed of you?

**1 Lord.* A thousand pieces.

**2 Lord.* A thousand pieces!

[1] To *tire* is to *tear*, to *peck at* or *feed upon*, as a bird of prey upon its victim. Used especially as a term in falconry, but also applied to other predaceous birds, as well as to hawks. See vol. ix. page 18, note 11.

[2] That is, his conjurations have been *too strong* for them, have *outwrestled* them. The allusion is to the old practice of calling up spirits, or forcing them to appear within a given circle, by "the might of magic spells." See vol. xii. page 129, note 21.

**1 Lord.* What of you?

**2 Lord.* He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both. — And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not Summer more willingly than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves Winter; such summer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly. O, the trumpets sound; we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.[3] — Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*

2 Lord. All cover'd dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

[3] Timon means, apparently, that his memory is *too good*, in retaining so trivial a matter. The Poet repeatedly thus uses the English comparatives just as the Latin are often used. See page 68, note 16.

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

1 Lord. } *2 Lord.* } Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How! how!

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.[4]

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will — and so —

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks:

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. The rest of your foes, O gods, — the Senators of Athens, together with the common tag of people, — what is amiss in them,[5] you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, — as they are to

[4] Here, as often, *toward* is *at hand* or *forthcoming*.

[5] Meaning, apparently, whatever is amiss in them for *the purpose of destruction*, or whatever prevents you from destroying them.

me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villainy. [*Throwing the water in their faces.*
Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,[6]
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks![7]
Of man and beast the infinite[8] maladies
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
[*Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

[6] Insects of the hour, creatures of sunshine. So in ii. 2: "One cloud of winter showers, these *flies* are couch'd."

[7] *Minute-jacks* are what were commonly called *jacks of the clock*, automaton figures that struck the time: hence the term was used for *time-servers* or *sycophants of wealth*.

[8] *Infinite* here means *innumerable*, infinite *in number*. Shakespeare has the word repeatedly in this sense.

**Re-enter the Company.*

**1 Lord.* How now, my lords!

**2 Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

**3 Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

**4 Lord.* I have lost my gown.

**1 Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour[9] *sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now *he has beat it out of my hat. — Did you see my jewel?

**3 Lord.* Did you see my cap?

**2 Lord.* Here 'tis.

**4 Lord.* Here lies my gown.

**1 Lord.* Let's make no stay.

**2 Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

**3 Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

**4 Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. — *Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant,[1] green virginity;

[9] Here, as often, *humour* is *caprice*, *freak*, or any *mad-cap whim*. The word was used in a great variety of senses. See vol. xi. page 80, note 25.

[1] *Convert* here means simply *turn*. Often so. *General filths* is *common strumpets*. The Poet uses *filth* repeatedly in this sense.

Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound-servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill[2] by law: maid, to thy master's bed, —
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries,[3] and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,[4]
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty[5]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely[6] poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou détestable town!

[2] To *pill* is to *pillage*, to *plunder*, to *rob*. See vol. x. page 171, note 30.

[3] *Mysteries* formerly meant *arts*, *professions*, *callings*.

[4] "*Confounding* contraries" are contraries that *waste and destroy each other*. We have a similar thought in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3: "Take but degree away, and each thing *meets in mere oppugnancy*." The Poet repeatedly uses to *confound* for to *destroy*.

[5] *Liberty* in the sense of *libertinism* or *licentiousness*.

[6] *Merely* in its old sense of *absolutely* or *altogether*. See vol. xiv. page 159, note 27.

Take thou that too, with multiplying bans ![7]
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in* TIMON'S *House.*

Enter the Steward, *with two or three* Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master? Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a House broke! So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not one friend to take his fortune by the arm, and go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
To our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,[8]
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken implements of a ruin'd House.

[7] *Bans* is *curses.* Often so. *Multiplying* for *multiplied,* probably; an instance of the frequent confusion of active and passive forms.

[8] "A beggar dedicated to the air" is the proper construction. *Dedicated* in the sense of *give up* or *committed.* Repeatedly so.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.[9]

Stew. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some:
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor. —
[Servants *embrace, and part several ways.*
*O, the fierce[10] wretchedness that glory brings us!
*Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
*Since riches point to misery and contempt?
*Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or so live
*But in a dream of friendship? who survive,
*To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,
*But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?

[9] Here, as often, *part* is *depart.* Dr. Ingleby aptly notes upon the passage as follows: "The 'sea of air' is that into which the soul, freighting his wrecked bark, the body, must at length take its flight. Compare with the text the following from Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt:*

> Now where both armies got upon that ground,
> As on a stage, where they their strengths must try,
> Whence from the width of many a gaping wound,
> There's *many a soul into the air must fly.*"

[10] *Fierce* was often used in the general sense of *violent, vehement, excessive.* So Shakespeare has "the *fierce* endeavour of your wit." And Milton has "the bitter change of *fierce* extremes." See, also, vol. xiv. page 150, note 36.

*Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
*Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[11]
*When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
*Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
*For bounty, that makes gods, doth still mar men.
*My dearest lord, — bless'd, to be most accursed,
*Rich, only to be wretched, — thy great fortunes
*Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
*He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
*Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
*Supply his life, or that which can command it.
*I'll follow, and inquire him out:
*I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
*Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Woods. Before* TIMON'S *Cave.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessèd-breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity![1] below, thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb, —
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,[2] — touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not those natures,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by[3] contempt of nature.

[11] *Blood* is often used for *passion* or *impulse;* here it seems to have the sense of *state* or *disposition.*

[1] *Rotten humidity* is *moisture* that *rots*, or *causes rottenness.* — The Sun's "sister's orb" is, of course, the Moon.

[2] *Dividant* for *divisible*, or, perhaps, *divided.* So the Poet has *credent* for *credible*, and *intrenchant* in the sense of *not to be cut.* All these seem to fall under the general rule of active and passive forms used indiscriminately.

[3] *But* is here exceptive: *unless by*, that is, *without.* The meaning of the passage probably is, that even those whom wretchedness has pressed upon

Raise me this beggar, and deject[4] that lord;
The Senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's[5] sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* If one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below:[6] the learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level[7] in our cursèd natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! — Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*

most heavily are no sooner touched by good fortune than they go to scorning their fellow-creatures. The use of *natures* in the sense of *persons* occurs repeatedly. See vol. vi. page 145, note 5.

[4] *Deject* in its radical sense of *cast down.* So in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2: "Nor once *deject* the courage of our minds, because Cassandra's mad." And in *King Lear*, iv. 1: "To be the worst, the lowest and most *dejected* thing of fortune." In the next line, *Senator* refers to *that lord;* and the meaning is, that the born beggar shall have the Senator's hereditary or native honour transferred to him, and *vice versa:* that is to say, the beggar shall be as good as the born Senator, and the Senator no better than the born beggar.

[5] *Rother* is an old word for *horned beast,* used generally of oxen and cows. In Shakespeare's native town, there was a place called "the rother-market," and in Golding's Ovid we have "herds of *rother* beasts."

[6] The place put for the occupants of it. Men in every *degree* or *stage* of fortune are *caressed, flattered, fawned upon* by those below them. The verb to *smooth* was often used in this way. See vol. ix. page 161, note 7. The use of *grise,* also, for *step* or *degree* was common. See vol. v. page 192, note 22.

[7] *Level,* here, is just the opposite of *oblique,* and so is the same as *direct.* So the verb to *level* is sometimes used for to *direct.* See vol. iv. page 226, note 15.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! — What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! — No, gods,
I am no idle votarist:[8] roots, you clear Heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant. Ha,
You gods, why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck sick men's pillows from below their heads:[9]
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: why, this it is
That makes the wapper'd widow wed[10] again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again.[11] Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

[8] *Idle* in the sense, apparently, of *freakish, fanciful*, or *insincere*. Timon is praying and seeking for roots, something to eat; and here he seems to mean that he is not a fanciful votarist, to be diverted from that quest by gold.

[9] Alluding, probably, to the inhuman practice ascribed to nurses of sometimes drawing the pillows from under the heads of dying people in order to hasten their death.

[10] *Wed* for *wedded*. The meaning of *wapper'd* appears to be *over-worn* or *broken-down*. Grose, in his *Provincial Glossary*, explains the word thus: "Restless, or fatigued. Spoken of a sick person." Its meaning is further shown by a passage in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 4: "We come towards the gods, young and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crimes many and stale." So that the passage in the text may be rendered something thus: "This it is that causes the worn-out widow to be sought in marriage: this makes fragrant and beautiful the withered, frousy hag, whom even the ulcered inmates of a hospital or lazar-house would regard with loathing and disgust."

[11] That is, reinvests with all the *charms of youth*. The old poets are fond of describing *youth* as the *April* of human life.

Do thy right nature.[12] [*March within.*] Ha! a drum? Thou'rt quick,[13]
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos,* and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.[14]
Tim. I know thee too; and, more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:[15]
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phryn. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.[16]

12 "Make thee perform the office rightly assigned to thee by nature,—that of lying in the earth."

13 *Quick* is *living,* or *having life.* See vol. vii. page 216, note 18.

14 *Strange* is here equivalent to *a stranger.* Repeatedly so.

15 *Gules* is the old heraldic term for *red,* or *blood-colour.*

16 Alluding to the old notion that infection communicated to another left the infecter free. "I will not take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee."

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the Moon;
There were no Suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessèd time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt[17] hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheekèd youth
To th' tub-fast and the diet.[18]
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I've heard, and grieved,
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour States,

[17] The Poet repeatedly uses *salt* for *lustful*. See vol. vi. page 238, note 41.

[18] Alluding to the regimen commonly prescribed for the *lues venera*. See page 223, note 6, and the reference there.

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them
All, in thy conquest; and thee after, when
Thou'st conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing
Of villains, thou wast born to scourge my country.
Put up thy gold: go on, — here's gold, — go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard, —
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron, —
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars [19] bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

[19] The *window-bars* in question meant the cross-bars or lattice-work worn, as we see it in the Swiss women's dress, across the breasts. In modern times, these bars have always a bodice of satin, muslin, or other material beneath them; at one period they crossed the nude bosom. — STAUNTON.

Think it a bastard,[20] who the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse:[21] swear against objects;[22]
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse upon thee!

Phryn. } *Timan.* } Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And, to make whores, a bawd.[23] Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,

[20] Referring to the story of Œdipus, whose tragic fate was more celebrated than that of any other legendary personage. His father Laius was King of Thebes and husband of Jocaste. An oracle had informed Laius that he was destined to perish by the hands of his own son. So, when the child was born, the parents bound his feet together, and exposed him on Mount Cithæron, where he was found by a shepherd, who brought him up as his own son. The child lived to fulfil the oracle, but did it ignorantly. The greatest of the Greek tragedies are occupied with the theme.

[21] *Remorse* in Shakespeare almost always means *pity* or *compassion*.

[22] By *objects* here must be understood objects of *tenderness* and *charity*. This appears from what follows. We have a like instance in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5: "For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes to *tender objects*." Here *subscribe* is *yield*, *relent*, or *submit*, and so is the opposite of *swear against*.

[23] That is, enough to induce a whore to give up whoring, and a bawd to leave off making whores.

Th' immortal gods that hear you ; — spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions.[24] Be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,[25]
And be no turncoats : yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrâry. And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead : [26] some that were hang'd,
No matter : wear them, betray with them. Whore still :
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phryn. } Well, more gold. What then?
Timan. } Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of men ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar their spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets [27] shrilly : hoar the flamen,[28]
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away

[24] *Conditions* for *dispositions* or *aptitudes*, as usual in Shakespeare.

[25] The Poet very often uses *close* in the sense of *secret* or *hidden :* here it seems to mean *wanton* or *lustful;* that which is apt to be *kept hidden.* So that the sense of the passage is, let your lustful heat prevail over his "smoke of rhetoric."

[26] "When you have sinned your heads into baldness, cover them with hair stolen from the dead : no matter how foul the wretch may have been who wore it, pile it on, and with it make yourselves strong to allure." The Poet has divers allusions to the custom of wearing false hair. See vol. iii. page 173, note 19.

[27] *Quillets* are *subtilties* or *nice* and *frivolous distinctions*, such as lawyers were supposed to affect.

[28] Probably meaning, *strike* or *infect* the priest with the *white leprosy.* So in a former speech of this scene : "Make the *hoar leprosy* adored." See Critical Notes.

Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal:[29] make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phryn. } *Timan.* } More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I've given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! — Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. — Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,

[29] Of him who, to hunt out and secure his own *private interest*, leaves the *trace* or *scent* of the public good.

The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,[30]
With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp[31] heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion-hall above
Never presented! — O, a root, — dear thanks! —
Dry up thy marrowy vines[32] and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips! —

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;[33]

30 What, from the smallness of its eyes, was commonly called the *blind-worm*. The Latin name is *cæcilia*.

31 Crisp properly meant about the same as *curled*. The word is probably used here with reference to what the Poet elsewhere calls "the *curl'd clouds*." See vol. vii. page 84, note 28.

32 Vines are probably called *marrowy* in reference to the quality and effect of what proceeds from them. Cotgrave has "Moëlleux, *Marrowie*, pithie, full of strength or *strong sap*." In the last scene of this play, we have the substantive *marrow* used for *strength* or *internal vigour*: "Now the time is flush, when crouching *marrow*," &c.

33 Meaning, apparently, "this is not your *natural and proper character*, but merely a *disease* that you have *caught*, or the issue of a mind *poisoned* by adversity and disappointment."

A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade, this place,
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseased perfumes,[34] and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.[35]
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:
Thou gavest thine ears, like tapsters that bid welcome,
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied[36] with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spite

34 That is, *diseased women*, whose proper odour is smothered in perfumes. So in *Othello*, iv. 1: "'Tis such another *fitchew!* marry, a *perfumed* one."

35 "The *cunning* of a *carper*" probably means the *knowledge* or the *style* of a *satirist* or a *fault-finder*. *Carping momuses* was a general term for fastidious and ill-natured critics.

36 *Candied* is *crusted*, or *covered over*, with crystallized matter. Elsewhere the same word is used of a tongue frosted over with the sugar of adulation. See vol. xiv. page 227, note 8.—*Caudle*, substantive, was used for a warm or warming drink; what we call a *cordial*. See vol. ii. page 63, note 19.

Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhousèd trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature;[37] bid them flatter thee:
O, thou shalt find —

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish:[38] best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

[37] "*Answer mere* nature" is have no more than the *absolute necessities* of nature *require*. The Poet often uses *mere* thus.

[38] A voluntary or chosen wretchedness has its wishes crowned *in advance*, or *at once;* while a craving after skittish pomp is never satisfied; though always filling, still it is never full. Thus the former is at the height or summit of its wish, and so outlives the latter, which wastes in constant struggling after more.

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,[39] proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
Thy icy precepts of respect,[40] but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That, numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one Winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;[41] — I, to bear this,

39 That is, from our *earliest infancy*, the time when we are first dressed in *swathing clothes*. — Johnson aptly comments upon the passage: "There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach is natural and graceful." And he quotes a like strain from a letter written by the ill-starred Earl of Essex just before his execution: "I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow hearts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise."

40 The cold teachings of a *considerate* and *cautious* mind. The use of *respect* for *consideration* is very frequent.

41 The grammar of this passage is rather badly disjointed; but the sense, though somewhat obscured, is not very hard to find. The difficulty will be partly cleared by taking *stuck* as a participle, not as a verb. Shakespeare has rather too many passages in which the forms of metaphor and simile are thus mixed. A like web of imagery occurs in his 73d Sonnet:

> That time of year thou mayst in me behold
>   When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
>   Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rogue,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou'dst been a knave and flatterer.[42]

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Gnawing a root.*

Apem. Here; I'll mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

[42] Dryden has quoted two lines from Virgil, to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. —JOHNSON.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hirèd harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feedest thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they mock'd thee for too much curiosity;[43] in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though[44] it look like thee.

Apem. An thou'dst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?[45]

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

[43] Meaning, probably, too *curious* or too *delicate* in *food*, *dress*, and *equipage*. The Poet elsewhere has *curiosity* for *scrupulous exactness*.

[44] *Though* here has the force of *for*, *since*, or *because*: *since* it *looks* like thee. Repeatedly so. See vol. v. page 184, note 21.

[45] "What *prodigal* didst thou ever know, that was beloved after his means *were spent*?"

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury:[46] wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german[47] to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy

[46] That fabulous old beast, the unicorn, was fabled to be caught in the manner thus set forth in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 5, 10:

> Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
> A proud rebellious unicorn defyes,
> T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
> Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes;
> And, when him ronning in full course he spyes,
> He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
> His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
> Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
> But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

[47] A *german* is a brother, or one like a brother in nearness of blood. This passage seems to imply that the lion, like some other monarchs, "bears no *brother* near the throne." So, in *Macbeth*, ii. 1, Donalbain says, referring to the hero, "the *nearer in blood*, the *nearer bloody*."

life: all thy safety were remotion,[48] and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a parcel of soldiers:[49] the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

[48] *Remotion* here is *seclusion from society*, or *sequestration*.

[49] Of course these "soldiers" are the same who, a little further on, are introduced as "Banditti." It would seem that, not liking the title of "thieves," they call themselves soldiers, and have assumed the garb and bearing of such; so that an eye less piercing than Timon's naturally mistakes their quality. At the opening of the next Act, they are spoken of as "poor straggling soldiers." Doubtless one reason why Apemantus takes himself off when he does is because he sees them coming, and thinks it would not be in keeping with his profession of Cynic to endure any human society but that of Timon, or of others minded like him.

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.
Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!
Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*
Apem. Beast!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue! —
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I'm sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh. —
[*Looking on the gold.*
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st-close impossibilities,[50]
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts![51]
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
Apem. [*Coming forward.*] Would 'twere so!

[50] That is, causest incompatible things to unite in the closest league.

[51] *Touch* for *touchstone*, that which *tests* what stuff hearts are make of. See page 235, note 1.

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit* APEMANTUS.] — Now I am quit.
More things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-off of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

2 Ban. 'Tis his description.

3 Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.[52]
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

[52] An equivoque, one meaning of which is, you *lack* much of *being* men; the other is expressed a little further on, "You must *eat men*."

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,[53]
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited [54] professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the Moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The Moon into salt tears: [55] the Earth's a thief,

[53] To *con a man thanks* is to be *beholden* or *obliged* to him, or, simply, to *thank* him. See vol. iv. page 97, note 9.

[54] *Limited* for *appointed* or *allowed.* Repeatedly so. See vol. ix. page 271, note 3.

[55] This language sounds strange to us, but was doubtless in accordance with the popular notions of the time. The Moon is called "the *watery* star" in *The Winter's Tale*, and "the *moist* star" in *Hamlet;* in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, also, we have "the chaste beams of the *watery* Moon," and, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "the moonshine's *watery beams*." All these phrases probably refer to the connection between the Moon and the tides, or to the formation of dew when the Moon shines in a clear sky; perhaps to both. And, in the text, it would seem that the sea is said to melt the Moon into *salt tears*, in allusion to the flow of the tides, and to her influence on the

That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:
Break open shops; nought can you steal, but thieves
Do lose it: steal not less for this I give you;
And gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

[TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3 Ban. 'Has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt* Banditti.

Enter the Steward.

Stew. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
*Full of decay and failing? O monument
*And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
*What an alteration of honour[56] has desperate want made!
*What viler thing upon the Earth than friends
*Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
*How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

weather, which she was supposed to govern. The Moon's lachrymose disposition is drawn upon again in *King Richard III.*, ii. 2:

That I, being *govern'd* by the *watery* Moon,
May send forth plenteous *tears* to drown the world.

[56] That is, a change from a *state* of honour to one of *disgrace.*

*When man was wish'd to love his enemies ![57]
*Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
*Those that would mischief me than those that do !
'Has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief to him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. —

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

My dearest master !

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Stew. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Stew. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ? come nearer : then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give
But thorough[58] lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

Stew. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,

57 " How *admirably* does the *command* to love our enemies *accord* with the fashion of this time ! " The sense is somewhat darkened by the peculiar use of *rarely*, *when*, and *wish'd*. The passage amounts to an apt paraphrase of the proverbial saying, " Defend me from my friends ; from my enemies I can defend myself."

58 The indifferent use of *thorough* and *through* occurs very often. — " Whose eyes do never *give* " means whose eyes never *shed tears*.

To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?[59]
It almost turns my dangerous nature[60] mild.
Let me behold thy face. — Surely, this man
Was born of woman. —
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, you
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man, — mistake me not, — but one;
No more, I say, — and he's a steward. —
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true, —
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure, —
Is not thy kindness subtle-covetous,
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting twenty in return for one?
Stew. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late.
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes when an estate is least.
That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatchèd mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,

[59] *Comfortable* in the sense of *comforting* or *giving comfort*. The use of the passive form with the active sense occurs oftener, I think, in that word than in any other. See vol. v. page 158, note 21.

[60] Timon's *dangerous nature* is his *savage wildness*, a sort of *frenzy* superinduced by the baseness and ingratitude of men; a man-hating rapture.

My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange it
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so ! — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take : the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from men ;[61]
Hate all, curse all ; show charity to none ;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing : be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Stew. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest
Curses, stay not ; fly, whilst thou'rt blest and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit* Steward. TIMON *retires to his cave.*

61 Meaning *apart, sequestered,* or *remote* from human society. — *Thus condition'd* is *on these conditions.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Woods. Before* TIMON'S *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter; TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place,[1] it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumor hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him; he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity; 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

[1] This obviously infers that the Painter, having heard the rumour of Timon's new wealth, has before been out, alone, on a tour of exploration, to ascertain his whereabout, and perhaps also to gather more certainty touching his present condition. The Poet appears to have been rather incredulous of the rumour in question; so that he could not be induced to accompany the Painter in his quest, till that strange rumour had been further strengthened by the reports about the Steward and the Banditti who had tried to pass themselves off as "poor soldiers." Of course a period of some days must be supposed to have elapsed since Timon's enrichment of the thieves and the Steward.

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying[2] is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. [TIMON *advances a little.*

Tim. [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating[3] of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-curtain'd night,[4]
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside.*] I'll meet you at the turn.—What a god's

[2] That is, the *doing of that* which we *have said* we would do.

[3] Not a *personating* in our sense of the word, but what we should call a *representing*. The theme of satire is to be Timon's *case*, not his *person*.

[4] The image of the world being *covered* or *curtained* with blackness at night seems to have been a general favourite. So in *1 King Henry VI.*, ii. 2: "Night is fled, whose *pitchy mantle* over-veil'd the Earth." And in *Macbeth*, i. 5: "Nor Heaven peep through the *blanket of the dark*."

gold, that he is worshipp'd in a baser temple than where swine feed! —
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey! —
Fit I meet them. [*Comes forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorrèd spirits!
Not all the whips of Heaven are large enough —
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I'm sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! — Thou draw'st a counterfeit [5]
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. — And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural [6] in thine art. —
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery,[7] love him, feed him, keep
Him in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain.[8]

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:

[5] An equivoque, as *counterfeit* was used for *portrait.* See vol. iii. page 174, note 24.

[6] Another equivoque; one sense of *natural* being *fool.*

[7] *Patchery* is *roguery.* So in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3: "Here is such *patchery*, such juggling, such knavery!" — To *cog* is to *cheat*, as in loading dice, to *lie.* See vol. ii. page 85, note 24.

[8] Probably meaning a *finished* or *complete* villain.

Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,[9]
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, not two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
[*To the* Pain.] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—[*To the* Poet.] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves.—
[*To the* Pain.] You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!—
[*To the* Poet.] You are an alchemist, make gold of that.—
Out, rascal dogs! [*Beats and drives them out, and then retires to his cave.*

Enter the Steward *and two* Senators.

Stew. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our pact[10] and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

[9] *Draught* is an old term for a *jakes*.
[10] *Pact* is *bargain*, *compact*, or *pledge*.

And chance it as it may.
Stew. Here is his cave. —
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend Senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
1 Sen. Worthy Timon, —
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
1 Sen. The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.[11]
The Senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
2 Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general-gross:
And now the public body, — which doth seldom
Play the recanter, — feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail,[12] restraining aid to Timon;

[11] *In thee* for *in reference to thee*, or *in thy case.*
[12] *Fail* for *failure*. Repeatedly so. — "*Restraining* aid *to* Timon" is the same as *withholding* aid *from* Timon.

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,[13]
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens — thine and ours — to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power,[14] and thy good name
Live with authority: so, soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But, if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly agèd men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,

13 *Render* is *acknowledgement* or *confession*. So in *Cymbeline*, iv. 4: "May drive us to a *render* where we have lived."

14 "*Allow'd with* absolute power" means, apparently, *approved* or *confirmed in the possession of* absolute power. Such was the more common meaning of the verb to *allow*. See page 72, note 27.

Then let him know, — and tell him Timon speaks it
In pity of our agèd and our youth, —
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer:[15] for myself,
There's not a whittle[16] in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it in my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous[17] gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit[18] doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

[15] The meaning seems to be, "do not fear the soldiers' knives, for these can do nothing but good to you so long as you have throats to cut."

[16] A *whittle* is a *clasp-knife;* what we call a *pocket-knife.*

[17] *Prosperous* for *propitious*, and used ironically. "The gods, who will be kind to you only in keeping you for punishment."

[18] *Bruit* is *rumour* or *report;* any thing *noised abroad.*

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès,[19] losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, that I will
Some kindness do them: I'll teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

1 Sen. I like this well: he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,[20]
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossèd[21] froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let your words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain

[19] *Aches*, again, as a dissyllable. See page 206, note 31.

[20] *Take his haste* sounds rather harsh to us, but is the same form of speech as *take his time*, which we use in the opposite sense.

[21] *Embossèd* is, properly, *blown up in bubbles*, *boss* and *bubble* having formerly the same meaning. See *Ant. and Cleo.*, iv. 13, note 1.—This fine passage is founded on one in *The Palace of Pleasure:* "By his last will he ordained himselfe to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beate and vexe his dead carcas."

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear[22] peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators *and a* Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou'st painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I've spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
When, though in general part[1] we were opposed,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.

[22] *Dear*, in old English, often has the sense of *dire*, or nearly that. See vol. v. page 227, note 6.

[1] *In general part* evidently means *in the public cause.*

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III. — *The Woods.* TIMON'S *Cave,. and a rude* **Tomb seen.*

**Enter a* Messenger, *seeking* TIMON.

**Mess.* By all description this should be the place.
*Who's here? speak, ho! No answer? — What is this?
*Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
*Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man.[2]
*Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
*I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
*Our captain hath in every figure skill,
*An aged interpreter, though young in days.
*Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
*Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *and* Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. — [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time

[2] Dyce, I think, rightly interprets this passage: "'By all description this should be the place *where I am directed to find Timon.* — Who is here? speak, ho! No answer? — What is this? *a sepulchral mound of earth! Then* Timon is dead, who has outstretched his span: *and it would almost seem that* some beast reared this *mound, for* here does not live a man *to have done so. Yes, he is* dead, sure, and this his grave,' &c." — "*Outstretch'd* his span" means *lived out*, or lived *through*, his span, that is, his brief term of life.

With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traversed arms,[1] and breathed
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,[2]
When crouching marrow,[3] in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more:* now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid[4] flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living

1 That is, with the arms *crossed*, or *folded*, over the breast. "His arms in this *sad knot*" is the phrase used in *The Tempest*, i. 2.

2 *Flush* is *ripe*, or *come to perfection;* perhaps from the *ruddy* colour of *ripened* fruits.

3 *Crouching marrow* means, apparently, *internal vigour* that has hitherto *succumbed* to injury and wrong. See page 263, note 32.

4 *Horrid* in a passive sense, — *horrified;* a flight caused by dread.

Who were the motives that you first went out;[5]
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts.[6] March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithèd death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destined tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square[7] to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew't out with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,

5 Meaning "those who were the *first movers* for your banishment." The Poet has *motive* repeatedly so.

6 *Cunning* in its old sense of *judgment* or *sagacity*. "Excessive shame for their blundering folly in banishing you hath broken their hearts."

7 It is not *right*, not *just*, or *according to rule*.

And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your unchargèd ports.[8]
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and — to atone[9] your fears
With my more noble meaning — not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Senators. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The* Senators *descend, and open the gates.*

Enter the Messenger.

Mess. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poorer ignorance.[10]

Alcib. [Reads.]

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left![11]

— These well express in thee thy latter spirits.

[8] *Uncharged ports* is *unassaulted gates.* So *port* is often used.

[9] To *atone* was commonly used for to *reconcile.* See vol. x. page 142, note 46.

[10] That is, "for my *too poor* ignorance." So the Poet repeatedly uses comparatives, adopting a well-known Latin idiom. See page 247, note 3.

[11] This is taken almost literally from Plutarch, *Life of Antonius*, as translated by North. See preface, page 191.

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit [12]
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave o'er faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. — Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace stint [13] war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. —
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

[12] *Conceit*, as usual, for *conception* or *imagination*.

[13] To *stint* is to *stop*. — *Leech*, in the next line, is an old word for *physician*.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 196. *Our poesy is as a* gum, *which* oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd.—The original reads "as a *Gowne*, which *uses*." The first was corrected by Pope; the other, by Johnson.

P. 196. *Our gentle flame*
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.—The original has *chases* instead of *chafes*. The misprint was so easy, that the correction seems hardly worth noting. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 197. Pain. *How this lord is follow'd!*
Poet. *The Senators of Athens. Happy* man!—The original has "happy *men*," which is still retained by some editors. But the context shows plainly that the reference is to Timon, not to the Senators. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 198. *My free drift*
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax.—Collier's second folio substitutes *verse* for *wax;* and the latter sounds so odd that I cannot help wishing we could fairly get rid of it. As *wax* was commonly written *waxe*, it might easily be misprinted for *verse*. On the other hand, the speaker seems to have in view rather the *matter* than the *form* or *manner* of his workmanship: so that the sense of *life* or *thought* would be more fitting. And perhaps, withal, the author meant to throw a dash of affectation into the poetaster's language. See foot-note 11.—In the second line after, "*But* flies an eagle flight," perhaps, as Keightley suggests, we ought to read "*Which* flies," &c. See, however, foot-note 12.

P. 199. *Whose present grace to* present *slaves and servants*
Translates his rivals. — Walker is quite sure that we ought to read "*peasant* slaves and servants." But I take the meaning to be, "Whose present grace *presently*," that is, *immediately*, "translates his rivals to slaves and servants." So that *peasant* would give a wrong sense.

P. 199. *'Tis conceived to* th' scope. — The original has "conceiv'd to *scope*." Heath observes, justly, I think, that "this reading seems to be neither sense nor English." The correction is Theobald's. See foot-note 17.

P. 200. *Even on their knees and* hands *let him* slip *down.* — The original has *hand* for *hands*, and *sit* for *slip*. The first was corrected in the second folio; the other by Rowe.

P. 200. *That shall demonstrate these quick blows of* Fortune
More pregnantly than words. — So the second folio. The first has "blowes of *Fortunes*."

P. 200. *Yet you do well*
To show Lord Timon that men's *eyes have seen*
The foot above the head. — So Theobald. The original has *meane* instead of *men's*. I can gather no fitting sense from *mean* here. The word, as Heath notes, "certainly implies a pretty severe reflection of the painter upon the poet; a reflection which, from what had hitherto passed between them, doth not seem likely to have been intended."

P. 200. *Your honourable letter he desires*
To those have shut him up; which failing him
Periods his comfort. — The original lacks the second *him*, which is needful alike to sense and verse. The second folio has "failing *to him*."

P. 200. *I am not of that feather to shake off*
My friend when he most needs *me.* — The original has "when he *must neede* me." Corrected in the third folio.

P. 201. Tim. *The man is honest.*
Old Ath. *Therefore he will be* Timon's;
His honesty rewards him in itself; &c.—The original reads "Therefore he will be *Timon*"; which is commonly printed "Therefore he will be, Timon," and explained "he will *continue to be honest.*" I think the logic of the passage is decidedly against that explanation. Staunton notes as follows: "We should perhaps read, 'Therefore he will be Timon's,' &c., that is, he will continue to be in the service of so noble a master, and thus his virtue will reward itself: or it is possible the words, 'Therefore he will be,' originally formed part of Timon's speech, and the dialogue have run thus:

> *Tim.* The man is honest, therefore he will be —
> *Old Ath.* Timon,
> His honesty rewards him in itself.

In a text so lamentably imperfect as that of the present play, a more than ordinary license of conjecture is permissible." But the reading here given can hardly be said to involve "a more than ordinary license"; and it seems to me to yield a very apposite sense.

P. 204. *We'll bear* it, *with your lordship.*—The original lacks *it*, which is fairly required both for the sense and for the verse. Inserted by Pope.

P. 205. *That I had* so wanted *wit to be a lord.*—The original reads "That I had *no angry* wit to be a Lord"; which seems to me absolutely meaningless. Warburton reads "That I had *so hungry a wit* to be a lord"; Mason, "That I had *an* angry *wish* to be a lord"; Heath, "That I had *so wrong'd my* wit to be a lord"; Collier's second folio, "That I had *so hungry a wish* to be a lord"; Singer's second folio, "That I had *an empty* wit to be a lord." I cannot say that any of these, except, perhaps, Heath's, appears to me much improvement on the original. The change made in the text is indeed something bold, but I am tolerably sure that it conveys at least a fitting sense. See footnote 30.

P. 206. *You must needs dine with me.— Go not you hence*
Till I have thank'd you.— When our *dinner's done,*
Show me this piece.—The original lacks *our*; and the second folio fills up the verse by printing "*and* when dinner's done." Dyce prints "Till I have thank'd you; —*you*, when dinner's done."

P. 206. *So, so, there!* —
Achès contract and starve your supple joints! &c. — The original gives this speech as prose, and prints "So, so; *their* Aches contract," &c. Corrected by Capell.

P. 207. *The* more *accursèd thou that still omitt'st it.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The old text has *most* instead of *more*.

P. 208. 2 Lord. *Long may he live*
In's *fortunes! Shall we in?*
1 Lord. *I'll keep you company.* — The original has "*In* Fortunes," and prints the last speech as part of the preceding. Such contractions as *in's* for *in his* are very frequent. Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "In's *fortune*."

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 209. *But yond man is* ever *angry.* — The original has *verie* instead of *ever;* an obvious error, which was corrected by Rowe.

P. 209. *Let me* not *stay, at thine apperil, Timon.* — The old text is without *not*. Both sense and metre require it. The speaker says, a little before, "I come to have thee *thrust me out of doors*."

P. 209. *And all the madness is, he cheers them up* to't. — So Warburton and Walker. The original has "cheers them up *too*."

P. 209. *The fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him,* and *pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him.* — So Pope. The old text omits *and* before *pledges*. The syntax seems to require it.

P. 211. *Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that thou mightst kill 'em.* — The original repeats *then*, thus: "that *then* thou mightst kill 'em." Doubtless the repetition was by mistake.

P. 211. *Why have you* not *that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?* — The original is without *not* in the first of these clauses. I think the sense clearly requires it; and so thought Heath. See foot-note 12.

P. 211. *O* joy, *e'en made away ere't can be born!* — The old text has *joys;* a palpable error, which the context rectifies.

P. 212. *Hail to* the *worthy Timon, and to all*
That of his bounties taste! — The original prints this passage thus, exactly: "Haile to *thee* worthy *Timon* and to all," &c. We have many instances of *thee* and *the* misprinted for each other. The correction is Hanmer's.

P. 212. *The five best senses*
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, *pleased from thy table rise;*
These *only come now but to feast thine eyes.* — The original has this passage even more than usually corrupt. Instead of "*th' ear,* Taste, touch, *and smell,*" we there have merely "*There* tast, touch *all.*" The correction, so far as regards *th' ear* and *smell,* is Warburton's, and is among the happiest. I print with the Cambridge Editors, who insert *and* before *smell,* and thus complete the metre of the passage. In the last line, also, the original has *They* instead of *These,* and thus defeats the proper sense of the line. Theobald has *These.*

P. 213. *They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:* —
Music, make known *their welcome!* — So Capell. The original has simply "make their welcome."

P. 213. 1 Lord. *You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.* — The original prefixes "*Luc.*" to this speech. As neither Lucius nor Lucullus is named among the persons present in this scene, the prefix *1 Lord.* was substituted by Capell, — rightly enough, no doubt.

P. 213. *Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves*
Of their friends' gift? — Timon, were I as thou,
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me. — In the second of these lines, the words *Timon, were I as thou,* are wanting in the old text. Walker proposed the insertion of them, or something like them. As the sense is manifestly incomplete without them, and as the passage was apparently meant to consist of three rhyming couplets, I hardly feel at liberty to exclude the insertion, bold as it is. Perhaps I ought to remark

again, that this part of the play is most assuredly not Shakespeare's; so that the workmanship has not the sacredness that rightly belongs to his admitted text.

P. 214. *You've added worth unto't and* lively *lustre,*
And entertain'd me with mine own device. — So the second folio. The original wants *lively*.

P. 214. 1 Lady. *My lord, you take us even at the best.* — The original prefixes "*1 Lord.*" to this speech. Evidently wrong.

P. 214. *Tim.* Steward, —
Stew. *My lord?*
Tim. *The little casket bring me hither.*
Stew. *Yes, my lord.* — Here, and throughout this scene, in the folio the Steward is called *Flavius* both in one speech and in the prefixes. But afterwards, in ii. 2, *Flavius* is used as the name of one of Timon's servants who is not the Steward; for Timon, while the Steward is with him on the stage, calls out, "Within there! Flavius! Servilius!" whereupon Flavius enters, with two other servants. And in all the Shakespeare portions of the play the Steward is uniformly designated by the name of his office, both in the speeches and the prefixes. See the preface, page 188. Modern editions, generally, if not always, change the name to *Flavius* all through the Shakespeare portions, so as to make them agree with the Anonymous portions. I am as clear as I care to be, that the assimilation should run the other way, and print accordingly. It may be worth noting that, even in the Anonymous portions, *Flavius* occurs but once in the text proper as the Steward's name. So that I really make less of change upon the original copy than those do who substitute *Flavius* for *Steward* wherever the latter occurs in the prefixes and stage-directions.

P. 214. *There is no crossing him in* this his *humour;*
Else I should tell him, — well, i'faith, I should, —
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could. — The original gives the first of these lines thus: "There is no crossing him *in's* humor." Ritson says, "Read 'There is no crossing him in *this* his humour.'" The other lines present a somewhat troublesome reading. I keep the punctuation commonly received, but strongly suspect we ought to punctuate after the original, thus:

> Else I should tell him well, i'faith I should;
> When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

Perhaps a colon after *should* were better; and so indeed Staunton has it. With this pointing, "*tell* him *well*" may mean tell him *plainly*, or *fully*, how he stands. Staunton, however, thinks that *tell* is *rate*, or call to account. Either of these senses may indeed come rather hard from *tell him well;* but then, on the other hand, I do not well see the logic of the passage as commonly printed.

P. 216. *That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes*
For every word: he is so kind, he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were put gently *out of office.* — In the second of these lines, the original reads "he is so kinde, *that* he now." Here *that* spoils the metre without really helping the sense. In the last line, again, the old text transposes *gently* and *put.*

P. 216. *I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;*
I *tell you true.* — *I'll call to you.* — The original reads "*Ile* tell you true, Ile call to you." The common text has *I'll* in both places; which, I think, gives a wrong sense.

P. 217. *The best of happiness,*
Honour, and fortune, *keep with you, Lord Timon!* — So Walker. The original has *Fortunes* instead of *fortune.*

P. 217. *Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in* person *shortly.* — Instead of *person*, the old text has *paper*, for which Warburton proposed to substitute *proper.* "Give away thyself in *paper*" must mean ruin thyself by *giving securities;* which seems quite too tame for the occasion.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 218. *If I would sell my horse, and buy* ten *more*
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten *able horses: no* grim *porter at his gate;*
But rather one that smiles, &c. — In the first of these lines, the original has *twenty* instead of *ten*, and, in the fourth, *And* instead of

Ten. The first was corrected by Pope, the other by Theobald. Walker says, "*Ten* in both places. '10 more' was mistaken for '20 more.'" Again in the fourth line, *grim* is lacking in the old text. The context clearly requires that or something equivalent. Staunton proposed *grim*.

P. 218. *It cannot hold; no reason*
Can found *his state in safety.* — The original reads "Can *sound* his state," which Dyce sets down as "an obvious error." But I am not so sure of that; as it seems to me that "*sound* his state in safety" may mean *declare* his state *to be* in safety. Shakespeare uses *sound* in that sense, or nearly that. On the other hand, we have repeated instances of *sound* misprinted for *found*. See foot-note 2.

P. 219. *And the cap*
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, &c. — So the second folio. The first is without *sirrah*.

P. 219. Caph. *I go, sir.*
Sen. *Take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt. — In the original, the Senator repeats the words of Caphis interrogatively, thus: "I go sir?" As the affirmative particle *ay* was often written *I*, Mason thought we ought to read "*Ay*, go, sir." But I can see no fitness, or meaning even, in the repetition, however construed; and so have no doubt that, as Dyce says, the words "were repeated by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor." — In the last line, also, the old text has *Come* instead of *compt*. Corrected by Theobald.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 220. *Takes no account*
How things go from him; no reserve, *no care*
Of what is to continue. — The original reads "*nor resume* no care." The common reading is, "nor *resumes* no care." Grant White conjectures "nor *assumes* no care"; but I cannot see much improvement in this. The reading in the text is from Collier's second folio. It infers an easy misprint; and *reserve* was often used in a sense well suited to the context. At all events, to speak of *resuming care* seems hardly English.

P. 220. *Never mind*
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind. — In this passage the text is commonly thought to be corrupt. Collier's second folio reads "Was *surely* so unwise, to be so kind"; Singer's second folio, "Was *truly* so unwise," &c.; but neither of these helps the matter at all. One of the infinitives, *to be*, is probably used in the manner of the Latin gerund; *to be* for *by being*. This usage was much more common in Shakespeare's time than it is now. So that I do not think the text, in this instance, to be corrupt.

P. 221. *With clamorous demands of* date-broke *bonds,*
And the detention of long-since-due debts. — The original has "of *debt, broken* Bonds"; where *debt* probably crept in by mistake from the line below. *Date-broke bonds* means the same, no doubt, as *fracted dates,* in the preceding scene. The correction was begun by Malone, and finished by Steevens. Shakespeare repeatedly uses *broke* for *broken.*

P. 222. *See them well entertain'd.*
Stew. *Pray* you, *draw near.* — So Capell. The original omits *you.*

P. 222. Caph. Who's *the fool now?*
Apem. *He last ask'd the question.* — The original has "*Where's* the Foole now?" The correction is Lettsom's. Walker thinks we ought to read "He *that* last ask'd the question."

P. 223. *Look you, here comes my* mistress' *page.* — The original has "my *Masters* page." The same error occurs again a little further on.

P. 224. *When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away* merrily. — The original has *merry,* — an obvious error, which the context rectifies. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 225. *My* dear-loved *lord,*
Though you hear now, yet now's a time too late. — In the first of these lines, the original has "My *lov'd* Lord." The insertion of *dear* is from the second folio. The old text gives the other line thus: "Though you heare now (*too late*) *yet nowes a time.*" This was altered by Hanmer to "Though you hear now, *yet now's too late a time.*" The reading in the text is from Collier's second folio, and gives the same

sense as Hanmer's. The old reading is explained by Warburton thus: "Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent, by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries." Walker thinks this explanation the right one; but I prefer Ritson's: "Though I tell you this at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet, late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it. It is evident that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends." To accord, however, with this explanation, the text apparently requires some such change as I have admitted.

P. 226. *I have retired me to a* wakeful couch,
And set mine eyes at flow. — Instead of *wakeful couch*, the old text has *wastefull cocke*, which is commonly explained "a pipe with a turning stopple running to waste." That must indeed be the meaning of the text, if it have any meaning; but I can see no fitness in that meaning to the context. Mr. P. A. Daniel notes upon the passage thus: "For *wastefull cocke*, I would read *wakeful cot*. Substantially this conjecture, I find, has been anticipated by Jervis, who proposes *wakeful couch*."

P. 226. *How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants*
This night englutted! Who is not Lord *Timon's?*
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
— In the second of these lines, the original reads "Who is not Timons." Steevens proposed the insertion of *Lord*, and the context amply justifies it.

P. 226. *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my* hands. — The original has *heart* instead of *hands*. Walker notes upon the passage thus: "*Heart* occurs three lines below, likewise at the end of the line. Read *hand*, or *hands;* the latter, I think."

P. 227. Stew. *Assurance bless your thoughts!*
Tim. *And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,*
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends. —
Within there! Flavius! *Servilius!*

Enter Flavius, Servilius, and other *Servants*.

So the original, except that, instead of this stage direction, it has simply "*Enter three Servants.*" In the sixth line, modern editions change *Flavius* to *Flaminius*, though the metre plainly requires it to be as the folio has it. Of course the change is made in order to save *Flavius* for the name of Timon's Steward. And for the same reason, no doubt, in the Anonymous portions *Flaminius* is substituted for *Flavius*, wherever the servant so named is designated. I therefore print *Flavius* instead of *Flaminius* as often as the latter name occurs; thus assimilating the Anonymous portions to the Shakespeare, and not the Shakespeare portions to the Anonymous.

P. 228. *But yet they could have wish'd — they know not* what; —
Something hath been amiss, &c. — So Dyce. The original lacks *what.*

P. 228. I *pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows*
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary. — The original omits *I.* Supplied by Pope.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 231. *I feel my master's passion!* Why, *this slave*
Unto this hour *has my lord's meat in him:*
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment
In him, *when he is turn'd to poison? O,*
May disease *only work upon't! and, when*
He's sick to death, let not that part of's *nature*
Which my lord paid for be of any power
To expel sickness, &c. — In the first of these lines, *Why* is wanting in the old text. In the second line, also, the original has "Unto *his honour.*" The change of *his honour* to *this hour* was made by Pope; and, as it gives a sense every way fitting, and at the same time sets the metre right, I have no scruple in adopting it. Dyce thinks it probable that the true reading is "this *slander* Unto his honour"; and he quotes several instances of *slave* and *slander* misprinted for each other. The change would indeed give a fitting sense, still I cannot see that it has any advantage over Pope's. In the fourth line, also, the old text is without the words *In him;* which is Keightley's reading. The reason for inserting them is obvious. In the fifth line, again, the old text has *Diseases* instead of *disease.* The correction is Walker's.

Finally, in the sixth line, the original has "let not that part *of* Nature." The insertion of *'s* after *of* is proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel, and is, I think, fairly required by the sense of the passage.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 232. *One of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow* fifty *talents.* — So Theobald. The original reads "borrow *so many* talents." But, surely, the context leaves no doubt that, as Dyce notes, "the author must have intended a specific sum to be mentioned." Lettsom, also, remarks upon the passage as follows: "The same words, *three times occurring*, show that a definite sum was the subject of conversation; and it is clear, from this and the two preceding scenes, that that definite sum was *fifty talents*. The earlier editors saw this." At the end of the third speech following, we have the phrase "*so many* talents" again; but, as the expression is there made definite by what has gone before, I leave it unchanged.

P. 233. *Requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with* fifty *talents.* — Here, again, the original has "with *so many* talents." See the preceding note.

P. 233. *How unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before,* and, *for a little part, undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to* do't, &c. — In the first of these sentences, the original reads "the day before for a little part, *and* undo." The transposition of *and* was proposed by Jackson, and seems the best way of reducing the passage into some sort of propriety. Theobald printed "for a little *dirt*," meaning *land;* and Johnson proposed "for a little *park*." In the last sentence, the original has *do* instead of *do't*, which is Capell's reading.

P. 234. *And just of the same piece*
Is every flatterer's spirit. — So Theobald. The original has *sport* instead of *spirit*.

P. 234. *Nor* e'er *came any of his bounties over me,*
To mark me for his friend. — So Capell. The old text omits *e'er*.

Act III., Scene 3.

P. 235. *How! have they denied him? have Ventidius,* Lucius, *and Lucullus denied him.* — Here the original omits *Lucius;* but the context shows beyond question that this name ought to be mentioned along with the other two. The omission was doubtless accidental. Both Hanmer and Capell insert *Lucius.*

P. 235. *His friends, like physicians,* thrice *give him over.* — The original has *thrive* instead of *thrice.* The correction is Johnson's; but I suspect, with Walker, that *thrive* is "an interpolation, originating in some way or other from *give.*" The word *thrice* is to be understood as referring to the *three* friends mentioned just before.

P. 235. *So* I *may prove an argument of laughter to the rest, and 'mongst lords be thought a fool.* — The original reads "so *it* may prove," &c. The second folio attempts to cure the defect by inserting *I* before "be thought a fool." Perhaps I ought to add, that in the original this whole speech is printed as verse; but, as it cannot possibly be made to read as such, I have no scruple in printing it as prose, all except the couplet at the close.

P. 236. *This was my lord's* last *hope; now all are fled,*
Save the gods only. — The original has "*best* hope." Walker says, "Read, of course, *last:* see context." The old text also has "Save *onely the gods.*" Corrected by Pope.

Act III., Scene 4.

P. 237. *You must consider that a* prodigal's *course is like the Sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.* — The original has "a *prodigal* course." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 238. *What do you ask of me, my* friends? — The original has *Friend.* The context requires *friends.* Dyce's correction.

P. 239. An *if* he *be so far beyond his health,*
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts. — The original reads "*And* if *it* be so far," &c. The printing of *and* for *an* is very common; and the context clearly shows *it* to be an error for *he.* Corrected by Walker and Rowe.

P. 239. *We cannot take this for* an *answer, sir.* — The old text omits *an*. As the next word begins with *an*, such an omission might easily happen. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 239. Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.* — In the old text, this speech has the prefix "*1 Var.*" Corrected by Capell.

P. 240. *Go, bid all my friends again,*
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all. — The original has "Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius *Ullorxa:* All," &c. The second folio reads "Lucius, Lucullus, *add Semprovius:* All," &c. The reading in the text is that of the third folio. How *Ullorxa* got into the original text, it is impossible to say: that it ought not to be there, is evident enough.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 241. *My* lords, *you have my voice to it.* — So Dyce. The original has "My *Lord.*" As the speaker is addressing the Senate, there can be no doubt that we ought to read *lords*.

P. 241. *Most true; the law shall bruise* him. — The old text has *em* instead of *him*. Hardly worth noting.

P. 241. *He is a man, setting* this fault *aside,*
Of comely virtues. — The original reads "setting *his Fate* aside." Pope and Collier's second folio change *Fate* to *fault;* and the change of *his* to *this* seems to me equally necessary. And so Warburton.

P. 241. *But with a noble fury and* free *spirit,*
He did oppose his foe. — The original has "and *faire* spirit." Walker notes upon the passage thus: "*Fair*, except in a modern sense, is inadmissible here. I suspect that for *faire* we should read *free*, that is, *single-hearted, generous, ut passim apud Nostrum.*"

P. 242. *He did* behave *his anger, ere 'twas spent.* — The original has "did *behoove* his anger." The correction is Rowe's. Collier's second folio alters *behoove* to *reprove;* Singer, to *behood,* explaining it to mean "*hide,* or *conceal as with a hood.*" For my own part, I doubt whether either of the three changes is the right one. See, however, foot-note 1.

P. 242. *Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,*
And not endure all threatenings? *sleep upon't,*
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? Or, *if there be*
Such valour in the bearing. — In the second of these lines, the old text has *threats* instead of *threatenings*, which is Pope's correction. It also lacks *Or* in the fourth line. Inserted by Capell. As the passage was evidently meant to be metrical, it seems unlikely that the author would have allowed two such gaps in the verse. Walker thinks that "*endure* requires a different word," but proposes no substitute. Perhaps *insults; threats* having crept in from *throats* in the line below.

P. 243. *And th' ass more captain than the lion; the* felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge. — The original has *fellow* instead of *felon*. Johnson's correction.

P. 243. I *say, my lords, 'has done fair service.* — The original has "*Why* say my Lords ha's done," &c. The second folio inserts *I* before *say*. The sense clearly requires *I*, but the metre does not admit both *I* and *Why*.

P. 243. *If there were no* more *foes, that were enough*
To overcome him. — So Walker. The old text omits *more*, which is needful alike to sense and metre.

P. 244. *I'll pawn my victories, all*
My honours to you, upon his good return. — The original has *Honour* and *returnes*.

P. 245. *Attend our weightier judgment. And, to* quell your *spirit,*
He shall be executed presently. — Instead of "And to *quell your* spirit," the original has "And *not* to *swell our* Spirit." This is generally, and no doubt justly, thought to be corrupt. Hanmer reads "And (not to swell our spirit) he shall," &c.; Warburton, "And, (*now* to swell *your* spirit,) He shall," &c.; Capell, "And, not to swell *your* spirit, He shall," &c. Various other changes have been made or proposed; but I can get no fitting sense out of any of them. Singer conjectured "not to *quell* our spirit"; and this suggested the present reading. I had thought to read "And *now* to quell," &c.; but *now* is altogether redundant both in sense and metre, and was probably written as an alternative reading with *And*.

P. 245. *Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live*
Only in bone, *that none may look upon you!* — The expression "live only *in bone*" is certainly very odd. Staunton remarks that "what living *in bone* may mean, and why when ossified these aged senators should become invisible, are beyond our comprehension." He adds the following: "Hamlet, speaking to Ophelia of her father, says, 'Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere *but in's own house*,' and it may be questionable whether *only in bone* is not a typographical error for *only at home*, or *only in doors*." Dr. Ingleby thinks *only in bed* may be the right reading, and quotes from an address he had lately read: "People always ailing are tiresome, there is no denying it. I have a great dread of becoming an invalid. I have a great respect for invalids *in bed*, — *out of sight*." But why not read "only *alone*"? We all know how apt the aged are to be deserted and forlorn. And one of the greatest miseries of old age is the liability to be cast aside or shunned, as having nothing to interest or attract society.

P. 245. *Pours into captains' wounds?* Ha, *banishment!* — So the second folio. The first omits *Ha*.

Act III., Scene 6.

P. 246. *He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which* my many *near occasions did urge me to put off.* — The original reads "*many my* near occasions." Walker notes upon it, "Was this ever English? I doubt it."

P. 247. *The swallow follows not Summer more* willingly *than we your lordship.* — The original has *willing*; but the next speech shows it should be *willingly*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 247. *Feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly.* O, *the trumpets sound; we shall to't presently.* — The original reads "If they will fare so harshly *o' the* Trumpets sound." The arrangement in the text is Walker's, who, however, would omit *O*.

P. 248. *The rest of your* foes, *O gods, — the Senators of Athens, together with the common* tag *of people*, &c. — The old text has *Fees* instead of *foes*, and *legge* instead of *tag*. Warburton changed *Fees* to *foes*, and both changes are made in Collier's second folio.

P. 249. *This is Timon's last;*
Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villainy. — Thy original reads "Who stucke and spangled *you with Flatteries*." Hanmer, Warburton, and Capell print "spangled *with your* flatteries"; but, as Walker notes, "*flattery* is positively required by the sense." Mr. Fleay is quite positive that the old text is right, on the ground that Timon had in fact been wont to flatter the present company by his profusion of bounty to them. And this is true; but it supposes his metaphor to be, that he washes from their faces the reek and slime of toadyism with which he has spattered them, and then sprinkles it back upon them under another name; whereas it seems much rather to be that of sprinkling in their faces the perfumed spatter and foulness of hypocrisy which he washes off from his own; thus cleansing himself of what they have daubed him with, and daubing them with it in payment.

P. 249. *Cap-and-knee slaves,* vapours, *and minute-jacks!*
Of man and beast the infinite maladies
Crust you quite o'er! — So Hanmer and Walker. The original has "the infinite *Maladie*." In the first line, Mr. P. A. Daniel would substitute *vampires* for *vapours*. Perhaps rightly; though *vapours* seems rather more congruent with the drift of the passage.

P. 249. [*Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.* — The original has no stage-direction here; and Rowe inserted "Throws the dishes at them, *and drives them out*," which is adopted by most of the editors. Walker asks, "Ought we not to substitute '*Pelts them with stones*'?" In support of the change, he justly refers to the last speech of the scene, and also quotes the line, "Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none," adding that "stones are more like money than dishes are." See the preface.

P. 250. *He's but a mad lord, and nought but* humour *sways him.* — The original has "nought but *humors* swaies him."

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 251. Son *of sixteen,*
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire. — So the second folio. The first has *Some* instead of *son*.

P. 251. *Decline to your confounding contraries,*
And let *confusion live!* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has *yet* instead of *let.*

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 252. *As we do turn our backs*
To *our companion thrown into his grave,*
So his familiars from *his buried fortunes*
Slink all away. — So Mason. The original has *To* and *from* transposed. The correction is at once so simple and so just, that I cannot divine why any editor should scruple to adopt it. Of course "his *familiars*" is his *familiar friends.*

P. 253. *Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or* so *live*
But in a dream of friendship? who survive,
To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends? — In the first of these lines, the original has "or *to* live." The correction is Staunton's, but occurred independently to White also. In the second line, the words *who survive* are wanting in the old text. Collier's second folio fills the gap with *and revive.* But I think *revive* does not give the right sense; and it seems to me that the collocation *live and revive* is hardly English. In the third line, again, the original reads "To have his pompe, and all *what* state *compounds.*" I can gather no fitting sense from *compounds* here. The reading in the text was conjectured by Walker, and is also found in Collier's second folio. — Since the above was written, I find that Keightley reads *and survive* in the second line.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 254. *Touch them with several fortunes,*
The greater scorns the lesser: not those natures,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature. — In the second of these lines, the original has, simply, "not *nature.*" The reading in the text was proposed by Steeven's; though Mason anticipated him in changing *nature* to *natures.* The demonstrative *those* is plainly needful to the verse, and at least helpful to the sense.

P. 255. *Raise me this beggar, and* deject *that lord.* — Instead of *deject*, the old text has *deny't*, for which Warburton substitutes *denude*, Hanmer *degrade*, Collier's second folio *decline*, and Staunton *demit*. The latter gives the right sense, but is used nowhere else by Shakespeare, while he has *deject* repeatedly in the same sense. See foot-note 4. — When the above was written I was not aware that Arrowsmith had proposed *deject*.

P. 255. *It is the pasture lards the* rother's *sides,*
The want that makes him lean. — The original has "the *Brother's* sides," and *leave* instead of *lean*. The correction *rother's* was made by Singer; also in Collier's second folio. The second folio has *leane*.

P. 256. *Pluck* sick *men's pillows from below their heads.* — So Hanmer. The original has *stout* instead of *sick*. Here "*stout* men" has been explained "men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper." But is not this something forced? See foot-note 9.

P. 256. *And give them title, knee, and approbation,*
With senators on the bench: why, *this* it is
That makes the wapper'd *widow wed again.* — Instead of "*why*, this *it is*," the old text has, simply, "this *is it*." Corrected by Steevens. In the next line, also, it has *wappen'd*. The word is so very rare, that we cannot determine positively whether *wappen* is another form of *wapper*, or a misprint; probably the latter. See foot-note 10.

P. 257. *With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.* — I suspect we ought to print, with Capell, "gules, *total* gules." So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "Head to foot now he is *total* gules."

P. 259. *That, by killing*
Of villains, thou wast born to scourge *my country.* — The original reads "*borne* to *conquer* my Country." Walker suggests *scourge*, with the remark that "*conquer* is not the word required."

P. 259. *That through the window*-bars *bore at men's eyes.* — The original has "window *Barne*." Johnson's correction.

P. 259. *Are not within the leaf of pity writ,*

But set down horrible traitors. — The original reads "But set *them* down." Corrected by Dyce.

P. 260. *Think it a bastard,* who *the oracle*

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy *throat shall cut.* — The original has *whom* instead of *who,* and *the* instead of *thy.*

P. 261. *Consumptions sow*

In hollow bones of men ; *strike their sharp shins,*

And mar their *spurring.* — So Walker. The old text has *man* instead of *men,* and "marre *mens* spurring."

P. 261. Hoar *the flamen,*

That scolds *against the quality of flesh,* &c. — The original has *scold'st ;* an obvious error for *scolds.* Upton thought we ought to read "*hoarse* the flamen," that is, *make hoarse ;* "which conjecture," says Heath, "is not improbable, especially as the next line represents the flamen as scolding." But see foot-note 28.

P. 263. *Yield him, who all* thy *human sons* doth *hate.* — The original reads "who all *the* humane Sonnes *do* hate." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 263. *Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face*

Hath to the marbled mansion-hall *above*

Never presented! — The original has "Marbled Mansion *all* above." Walker notes upon *all,* that "it has no meaning in this place. Read 'the marbled mansion-*hall* above.'"

P. 263. *Dry up thy* marrowy *vines and plough-torn leas.* — Instead of *marrowy,* the old text has *Marrowes,* which Collier's second folio changes to *meadows.* It does not appear that *marrow* was used in any sense suitable to the occasion ; while *marrowy* is a fitting epithet of *vines.* The change is suggested by Dyce ; and *marrowie* might easily be misprinted *marrowes.* See foot-note 32.

P. 264. *A poor unmanly melancholy sprung*

From change of fortune. — The original has "change of *future.*" Corrected by Rowe.

P. 264. *Will these* moss'd *trees,*
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where *thou point'st out?* — The original has *moyst* for *moss'd,* — Hanmer's correction. Also *when* for *where.* Corrected by Walker.

P. 266. *To such as may the passive* drudges *of it*
Freely command. — The original has *drugges* and *command'st;* but *drugges* appears to have been merely another way of spelling *drudges.*

P. 267. *If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor* rogue,
Must be thy subject. — The old text has "that poore *ragge.*" The occurrence of *rogue* in the third line below justifies the correction, I think. It is Johnson's.

P. 267. *First mend* my *company, take away thyself.* — The original has "mend *thy* company." Rowe's correction.

P. 270. *Yonder comes a* parcel of soldiers. — The old text reads "Yonder comes a *Poet and a Painter.*" There has been a deal of futile straining and writhing to reconcile this with what follows. The best explanation of the old text that I have met with is Ritson's; that the poet and painter, seeing that Timon has company, and preferring to take him alone, turn back to the city, and put off their visit to another time. But this, it seems to me, is put clean out of court at once by the plain fact, that Apemantus has the comers distinctly in sight, and keeps his eye upon them till he goes off the stage, and goes off to avoid meeting them; while the comers enter as Banditti the moment after he leaves. As there are at least three of them, Apemantus can hardly be supposed to mistake them for two. It may be questioned whether they should be here spoken of as soldiers; but it appears afterwards that they wear the garb of soldiers, and try to pass themselves off as such. How the passage came to be printed as it is, it were vain to conjecture. Perhaps, as Mr. Fleay thinks, this part of the scene was written by Anonymous, and so the blunder is to be accounted for in the same way as his other incoherences. See the preface, page 187.

P. 270. I'd *beat thee, but I should infect my hands.* — The old text has "*Ile* beate thee." Hanmer's correction.

P. 271. *O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce*
'Twixt natural son *and* sire! — The original has "*Sunne* and *fire*." Not worth noting, perhaps, but as it shows the condition of the old text. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 272. *Long live so, and so die!* [Exit APEMANTUS.] — Now *I am quit.* — The original lacks *Now.* Capell printed "*So,* I am quit."

P. 272. *The mere want of gold, and the falling*-off *of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.* — So Pope. The original has "falling *from* of his Friendes." Collier's second folio reads "falling from *him* of his friends."

P. 272. *Your greatest want is, you want much of* men. — So Hanmer. The original has *meat* instead of *men.* I agree with Singer that "Hanmer's reading is surely the true one." See foot-note 52.

P. 273. *Do villainy, do, since you* protest *to do't,*
Like workmen. — Theobald changed *protest* to *profess;* — rightly, I suspect, though Dyce says "very unnecessarily."

P. 274. *Break open shops;* nought *can you steal, but thieves*
Do lose it: steal not *less for this I give you.* — The original has *nothing* instead of *nought,* and omits *not,* which was inserted by Rowe. Walker proposed *nought.*

P. 275. *I will present*
My honest grief to *him; and, as my lord,*
Still serve him with my life. — The original has "griefe *unto* him." Pope's correction.

P. 276. *It almost turns my dangerous nature* mild. — The original has *wilde* instead of *mild.* Thirlby's correction.

P. 276. *I do proclaim*
One honest man, — mistake me not, — but one;
No more, I say, — *and he's a steward.* — The old text has *pray* instead of *say* Lettsom notes upon the passage thus: "*No more, I pray,* can scarcely mean any thing but *cease, I pray;* which would make nonsense here. Qu., *say.*" Surely he is right.

P. 276. *Is not thy kindness subtle-covetous,*
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting twenty in return *for one?* — In the second of these lines, the old text is, "*If not* a Usuring kindnesse, *and* as rich men deale Guifts." I have no doubt that *If not* crept in by mistake from *Is not* in the line above. And so Tyrwhitt thought, who remarks that "both the sense and metre would be better without it." The same, I think, is to be said of *and.* The old text also has "Expecting *in return twenty* for one."

P. 276. *Suspect still comes* when *an estate is least.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has *where* instead of *when.*

P. 277. *For any benefit that points to me,*
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange it
For this one wish, &c. — So Hanmer. The original lacks *it,* which seems fairly required by the sense.

Act v., Scene i.

P. 279. *When the day serves, before black*-curtain'd *night,* &c. — The original has "blacke-*corner'd* night." Various corrections have been made or proposed; but this, suggested by Singer, seems much the best. See foot-note 4.

P. 281. *Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, keep*
Him *in your bosom:* &c. — So Heath. The original reads "Keepe in your bosome."

P. 282. *You that way, and you this,* not *two in company.* — So Hanmer. The original has *but* instead of *not.* The misprinting of *but* and *not* for each other is very frequent.

P. 282. *You have* done *work for me, there's payment: hence!* — The original omits *done.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 282. *It is* in *vain that you would speak with Timon.* — So the third folio. The original reads "It is vaine."

P. 282. *It is our* pact *and promise to th' Athenians*
To speak with Timon. — So Walker. The old text has *part* instead of *pact.*

P. 283. *Be as a* cauterizing *to the root o' the tongue.* — So Rowe. The original has *Cantherizing;* the second folio, *Catherizing.* Lettsom proposes *cauter;* but would not *cautering* be better? Perhaps, after all, it should be *cancerizing,* or *cancering.*

P. 283. And *now the public body, which doth seldom,* &c. — So Hanmer. The original has *Which* instead of *And.* Probably the transcriber's or the printer's eye caught *which* in the latter part of the line, and repeated it here by mistake: at all events, *Which* cannot be right.

P. 283. *Hath* sense *withal*
Of its *own* fail, *restraining aid to Timon.* — So Capell. The original has *fall* instead of *fail.* I am not sure but it were better to read *fault* with Hanmer. See foot-note 12. — It may be worth the while to note that the old text has *since* for *sense,* and *it* for *its.* The use of *it* possessively occurs repeatedly. See note on "The innocent milk," &c., vol. vii. page 280.

P. 285. *There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,*
But I do prize it in *my love before*
The reverend'st throat in Athens. — The original has "prize it *at* my love." The correction is Hanmer's. I do not understand the old text.

P. 286. *In life's uncertain voyage,* that *I will*
Some kindness do them. — The original is without *that* here. Walker suggests the insertion of *say;* but the conjunction *that* is often repeated in such cases.

P. 286. *Lips, let* your *words go by, and language end.* — So Walker. The old text has *sour* instead of *your.*

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 287. *I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;*
When, *though in general part we were opposed,*
Yet our old love had *a particular force,*
And made us speak like friends. — In the second of these lines, the original has *Whom* instead of *When.* The correction is Singer's. In the third line, also, the old text reads "*made* a particular force." Here *made* probably crept in by mistake from the next line. Corrected by Hanmer. Staunton thinks we should read "Yet our old love *took* a particular *truce*"; and remarks, truly, that to *take a truce* is old language for to *make a truce.*

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 288. *Some beast* rear'd *this;* here *does not live a man.* — The original has *reade* instead of *rear'd,* and *there* instead of *here.* The corrections were made by Theobald at Warburton's suggestion, and are clearly needful to the sense, though Staunton says no. See footnote 2.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 289. *To wipe out our* ingratitudes *with loves*
Above their quantity. — So Capell and Walker. The old text has *ingratitude.*

P. 289. *By humble message and by promised* 'mends. — So Theobald. The original has "promist *meanes.*" Shakespeare elsewhere uses *'mends* for *amends.*

P. 289. *These walls of ours*
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs. — So Theobald. The original has *greefe* instead of *griefs.* But the same speaker has used the plural a little before. Here, as often, *griefs* is put for *grievances.*

P. 290. *It is not square to take,*
On those that are, revenges: *crimes, like lands,*
Are not inherited. — The original has *revenge;* but the plural occurs in the preceding speech. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 290. *Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile*
Than hew't out *with thy sword.*—The original has "hew *too't*, with thy Sword." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's.

P. 291. *But shall be* render'd *to your public laws*
At heaviest answer.—The original has "be *remedied* to your pulique Lawes"; which is neither English nor sense. The correction is Chedworth's.

P. 291. *Interprets for my* poorer *ignorance.*—The old text has "my *poore* ignorance." Walker's correction. See foot-note 10.

P. 291. *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:*
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
—To this epitaph, which is given by Plutarch as the authentic one, the original adds another said to have been made by Callimachus. See the preface, page 191. As this scene was unquestionably written by Shakespeare, and as the two epitaphs flatly contradict each other, it is incredible that he meant them both to stand. Probably he set them down as alternative readings, and then, through some mistake or oversight, the two got printed together.

P. 292. *Yet rich conceit*
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave o'er *faults forgiven.*—The original reads "On thy low Grave, *on* faults forgiven." I substitute *o'er* on the ground that the old spelling *ore* might easily be mistaken for *on*, while the latter seems to yield no fitting sense here. Tyrwhitt and Walker would read "On thy low grave. *One* fault's forgiven." Tyrwhitt supposes the one fault in question to be the ingratitude of the Athenians towards Timon; and that this is forgiven, that is, exempted from punishment, by the death of the injured person. I cannot bring myself to take this as the meaning of the passage. There have been faults on both sides; and surely the faults of both sides are meant to be included in the pathetic imagery of the passage.

P. 292. *And I will* use *the olive with my sword.*— Instead of *use*, Walker thinks we should read *twine*. Perhaps so.